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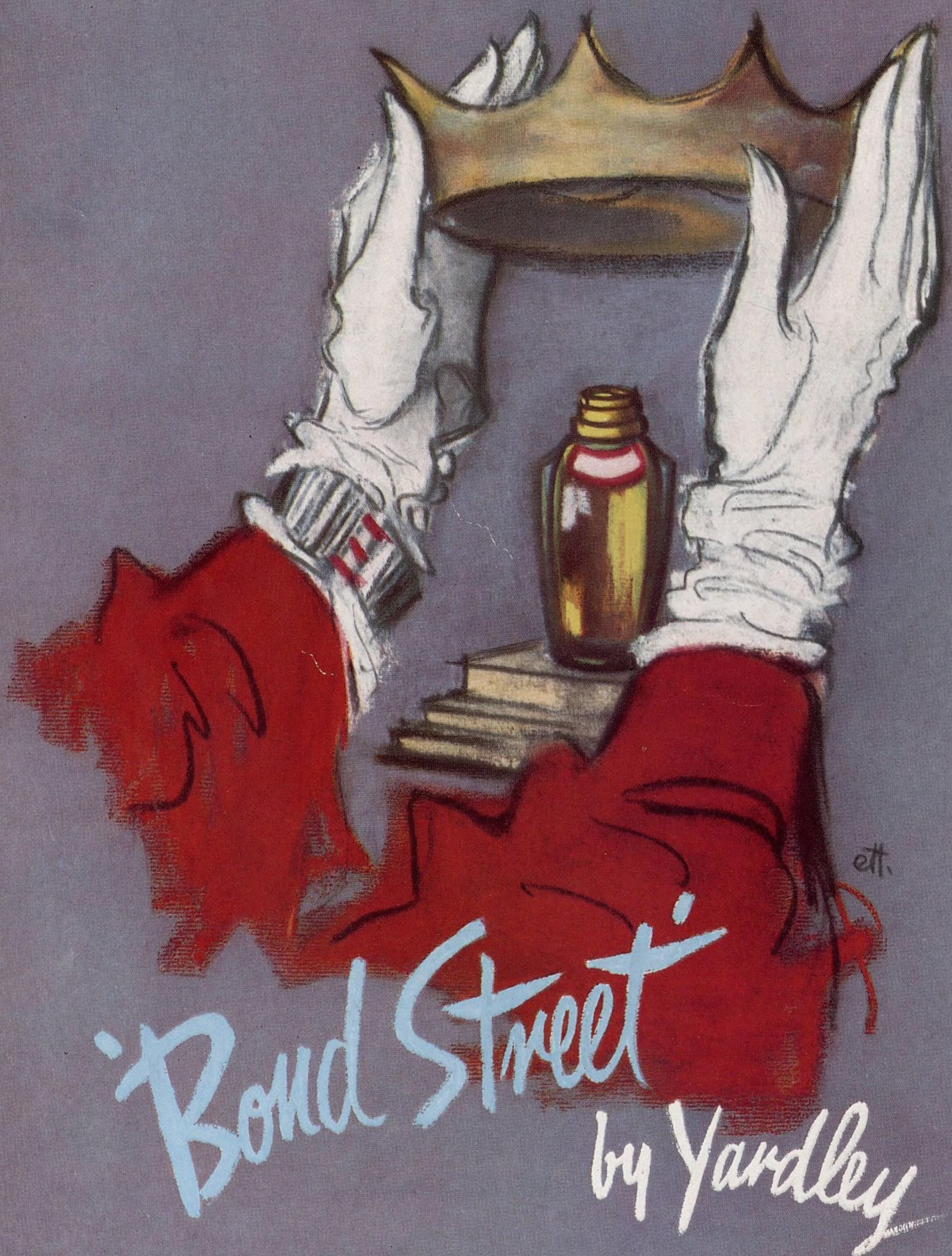
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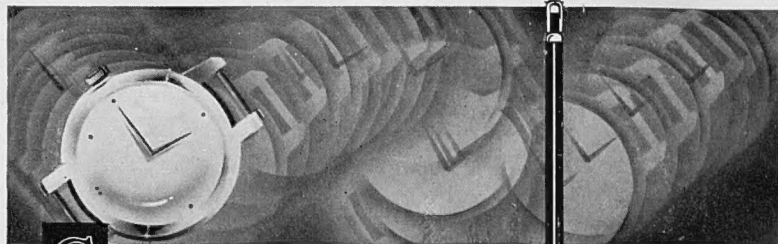
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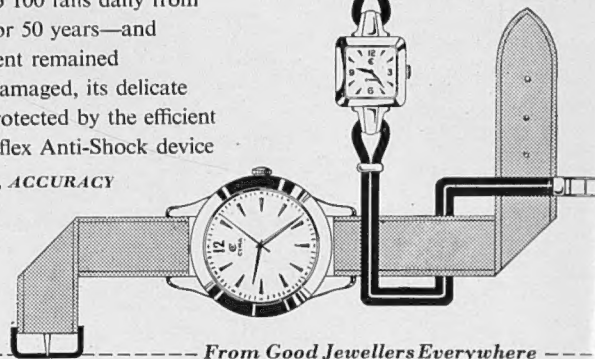


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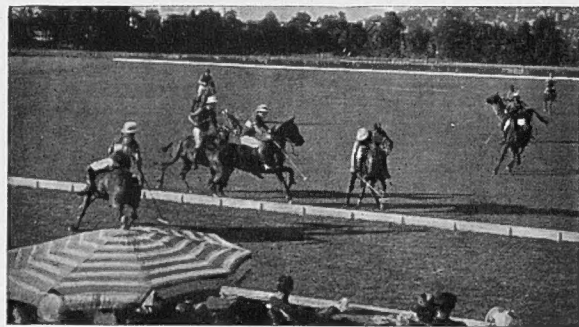
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From June 29 to July 6



LADY SUTTON, the subject of our cover picture this week, is photographed on the staircase of her mid-Georgian home, Fifehead Magdalen Manor, Dorset, with family portraits by Lawrence and Kneller behind her. Lady Sutton, formerly Miss Gwynneth Gwladys Glover, of Pilton, married in 1936, and she and her husband, Sir Robert Lexington Sutton, Bt., have two sons. Sir Robert succeeded to the title in 1948. The house, which can now be seen by the public, has one of the finest small collections of pictures in the West Country. The photograph is by Barry Swaabe.

June 29 (Wed.) Henley Royal Regatta (four days).
Polo at Cirencester until July 6.
Cricket: Northampton v. South Africa at Northampton, and the M.C.C. v. Cambridge at Lord's.
Viscountess Dawson of Penn's dance for her granddaughters, Miss Polly Eccles and Miss Charlotte Bowater, at the Dorchester Hotel.
The Victoria League's Ball at the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, the Dockland Settlements Ball at the Dorchester Hotel.
Racing: Newmarket First July Meeting (2nd day of 4).
First night of *From Here And There*, new Anglo-American revue at the Royal Court Theatre.

June 30 (Thur.) The Queen holds a Presentation Party at the Palace of Holyroodhouse.
Presentation Day Ball at the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh.
Lady Cecilia McKenna's dance for her daughter, Miss Primrose McKenna, at the Savoy Hotel.
Mrs. Frank Rhodes's dance for her daughter, Miss Christine Rhodes, at Claridge's.

July 1 (Fri.) The Queen gives a garden party in the grounds of Holyroodhouse.
Regency Exhibition at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, opens until Oct. 3.
The Hon. Mrs. John Morrison's dance for her daughter, Miss Mary Morrison, and her niece, Miss Susan Egerton. Mrs. Gurney's dance for her daughter, Miss Priscilla Gurney, at Walsingham Abbey, Norfolk.
The Puckeridge Hunt Ball at Farnham Ware.

July 2 (Sat.) The Queen and Prince Philip visit East Stirlingshire and West Lothian.
The Duchess of Kent presents trophies at Wimbledon finals.
Clyde Yachting Week begins.
Rochampton Polo Fortnight opens.

July 2 (continued) Cricket: Oxford University v. Cambridge University at Lord's (3 days).
Surrey v. Leicestershire at the Oval.
The Countess of Malmesbury's and Mrs. Cyril Egerton's dance for Lady Nell Harris and Miss Lucy Egerton, at Greywell Hill, near Basingstoke.
Mrs. Robert Hoare's dance for Miss Tessa Hoare at Little Dunham Lodge, King's Lynn.
The Lawn Tennis Association Ball at Grosvenor House.

July 3 (Sun.) Polo at Cowdray Park and at Cirencester.

July 4 (Mon.) American Society in London Independence Day Dinner and Ball at the Dorchester Hotel.
The S.S.A.F.A. Tattoo at the White City, until July 9.
Golf: Open Championship, St. Andrew's (ends July 8).
The Hon. Mrs. Lindsay's and the Hon. Mrs. Newman's dance for Miss Margaret Lindsay and Miss Ann Newman, at 51 Lennox Gardens.
Racing at Windsor and Nottingham (two days).

July 5 (Tues.) The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester visit The Royal Show at Woollaton Park, Nottingham (four days).
Princess Alexandra of Kent at Victoria League Dinner Ball at the Dorchester Hotel.
Lady Howard de Walden's ball for her daughter, the Hon. Susan Scott-Ellis, at Hurlingham.
Racing at Salisbury (three days).

July 6 (Wed.) First Night of *Nina* at the Haymarket Theatre, with Edith Evans, James Hayter and David Hucheson.
Cricket: Surrey v. Leicestershire at the Oval.
Lady Anne Rhys's dance for her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Rhys at Apsley House.

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Eric Coop

A family group in Essex

MR. GUY RUGGLES-BRISE, here with his wife and their two sons, Timothy and James, at their home Housham Tye, near Harlow, in Essex, is the brother and heir of Sir John Ruggles-Brise, Bt., of Spains Hall, Finchingfield, Essex. He served with the Essex Yeomanry during the war. Mrs. Ruggles-Brise is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Knox, of Smithstone House, Kilwinning, Ayrshire

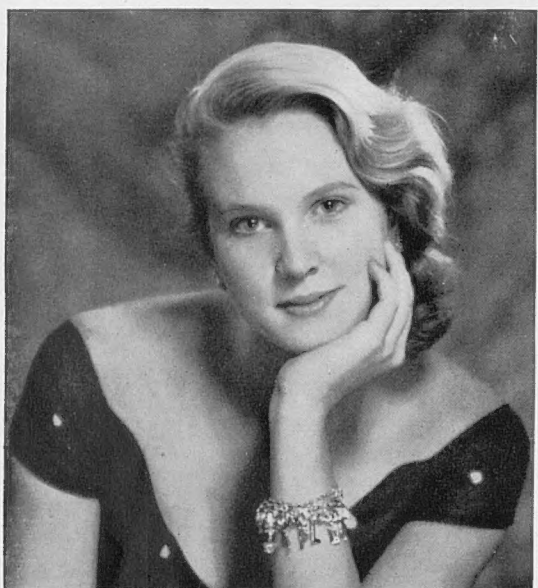
Social Journal

Jennifer

POLO AT WINDSOR



MISS ELIZABETH HUTCHISON, one of the débutantes pictured here who are to be presented to the Queen at Holyrood tomorrow. She is the daughter of Sir William Hutchison, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, and Lady Hutchison



MISS RUTH HUGGINS is the youngest daughter of Sir John Huggins, former Governor of Jamaica, and Lady Huggins, of The Malt House, Crondall, Hants. She is sharing a coming-out dance with Miss Sally Probart Jones and Miss Alison Rutherford



MISS SALLY WHITELAW is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. G. S. L. Whitelaw. She had a coming-out cocktail party given for her at Claridge's in March of this year which she shared with another débutante, Miss Mariota Steuart-Menzies

THE inauguration of polo on Smith's Lawn in Windsor Great Park has been a tremendous success. Matches took place each afternoon of the first week, nearly always in the presence of the Queen. The Duke of Edinburgh played each afternoon, and many other members of the Royal family were there.

I went down one afternoon to watch two of the matches in what was originally called the "Ascot Week Polo Tournament." The new ground, in which the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh have taken the greatest personal interest, has been extremely well laid out with adequate stands for everyone to watch the games. The refreshment and tea tents have also been well arranged, with small tables under coloured umbrellas arranged outside from where you can watch the game in play as well as enjoy your tea. These reminded me of the charming polo ground at Deauville, but the setting of this magnificent park with its acres of rhododendrons in flower all around is unique.

CAR parking facilities right beside the ground are splendid and as it is such an easy run from London, it makes a very pleasant afternoon's enjoyment.

First of the matches I saw was a very fast one between two twelve-handicap teams, Ham and Windsor Park, in the semi-finals of the Royal Windsor Cup, which resulted in a win for Ham, whose team were Mr. F. Withers, Mr. D. Riley-Smith, Mr. J. B. Traill, son of a great international player of pre-war days, and now a five-handicap player himself, and Mr. William Walsh. Lt.-Col. Humphrey Guinness, playing his usual sound game at No. 3, captained the Windsor team who included Mr. C. Barton No. 1, Mr. A. Harrington No. 2, and Mr. R. Ferguson at back.

The next match was one of the quarter finals of the Smith's Lawn Cup and was between Polo Cottage and the Duke of Edinburgh's Mariners team. This ended in a win by 3-1 for Polo Cottage who had Major-Gen. David Dawney, Mr. John Lucas, and Mr. Stretton Dixon playing for them. Prince Philip scored the only goal for his side, which also included Lt.-Cdr. (not Lt.-Col. as my programme said!) Robert de Pass, Lt.-Col. A. F. Harper and Lt. J. W. M. Maunder. On No. 2 ground there was a match in progress between Cirencester Park (Capt. John Macdonald-Buchanan, Mr. J. Morgan, Lt.-Col. A. H. McConnel and the Hon. G. B. Bathurst) and the Woolmers Park team (the Earl of Brecknock, Kishen Singh, Mr. L. Lalor, a seven-handicap player, and Mr. A. L. Lucas) which was won by Woolmers Park 5-2.

HER MAJESTY, hatless and wearing a simple red shantung dress, was there to watch the matches with Prince Charles and Princess Anne, who was wearing a little red and white check dress, and between games they all walked out on to the ground to treat it in, with the other spectators. The Queen Mother, in a printed silk dress and hat, and Princess Margaret in pink were also there, and members of the Queen's house party at Windsor Castle who came to watch the polo included the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, who had

Prince William with them from Eton, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny, Lady Caroline Waterhouse, and Sir Eric Mieville.

Also in the Members Stand I saw Mrs. Robert de Pass, very pretty in blue, Lord Patrick Beresford who was celebrating his twenty-first birthday next day, Mr. and Mrs. John Batten, the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Hazlerigg, Mrs. Thomas Stokes who is over on her first visit from Melbourne with her husband, the Earl and Countess of Northesk, Mrs. Herbert with Brig. and Mrs. Tom Draffen, Gen. Sir Andrew Horsburgh Porter, Cdr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kemble, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith-Ryland. He is a member of Rao Raja Hanut Singh's all-conquering Ratanada team which defeated the Cowdray Park team in the semi-final and Ham in the final of the Royal Windsor Cup.

The young King and Queen of Jordan were among the Queen's guests watching the finals on the Saturday. They saw a splendid match for the Royal Windsor Cup, which the Queen presented to Ratanada.

Everyone will be delighted to hear that it has been decided that the County Cup tournament will be played on the Smith's Lawn grounds during the postponed Royal Ascot week, July 12-15, instead of at Roehampton as before, though the finals on the Saturday will be decided at Roehampton. Play is expected to begin at five-thirty, from Tuesday to Friday.

★ ★ ★

I MOTORED down to Hampshire for the ball which Mrs. John Sheffield and Mrs. Comar Wilson gave for their débutante daughters, Miss Jane Sheffield and Miss Caroline Wilson. It was the fifth débutante dance I had been to on five consecutive nights, but rather different to the others as it took place in a private house in the country. This was Laverstoke House, Whitechurch, the charming home of Mr. and Mrs. John Sheffield, which was floodlit for the occasion. It is full of fine pictures, well lit, and many other lovely treasures, and the numerous sitting-out rooms were filled with vases of flowers superbly arranged by Mrs. Comar Wilson. A pleasant feature of this ball was that there was plenty of room, yet everything was so well arranged that it was quite compact. Small tables and chairs had been arranged on the terrace overlooking the River Test, but unfortunately it was too cold for guests to sit out there, though some of the more hardy young guests danced on the outdoor dance floor on the lawn where Tyrolean players provided the music.

The main dance floor was in a yellow and white lined marquee adjoining the house, which one entered through the french windows from the library, where Mrs. Sheffield and Mrs. Comar Wilson and their daughters received their guests for over an hour and a half.

Before the event the hostesses had given a joint dinner party in Mrs. Comar Wilson's house, where their dinner guests included Princess Alexandra of Kent looking lovely in white—it was her third ball in three nights, and she had also been fulfilling public engagements each day that week—Lady Moyra



ROYAL SPECTATORS AT WINDSOR

KING HUSSEIN of Jordan and Queen Dina are seen (left) followed by Prince Charles leaving the stands after watching polo at Smith's Lawn, Windsor Great Park. On the right are Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, who accompanied them, and (top left) the Duchess of Kent. They saw the finals of the Household Brigade tournament. More pictures of the event are on page 721

Hamilton, her very charming lady-in-waiting, Lord and Lady Howard de Walden and their débutante daughter, the Hon. Susan Scott Ellis, who looked very pretty in a green and white flowered dress, Viscountess Portal, who lived in Laverstoke House when her husband was alive, Mr. David and Lady Willa Chetwode and her brother, the Hon. Dominic Elliot, Mr. David Bailey, Miss Sonia Pilkington, Miss Henrietta Crawley, Miss Tessa Forster, Miss Virginia Estcourt, Lord Christopher Thynne, Mr. Nicholas Cobbold, Mr. Richard Wilson, Mr. Billy Wallace and Sir Nicholas Nuttall.

Also at the ball were Lady Zinnia Denison in white, Miss Jane Fairey, vivacious and gay, also in white, Miss Serena Sheffield in a striking red taffeta dress with a white tulle underskirt, Miss Elizabeth Rhys, Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham, Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville, Miss Susan Clifford-Turner and Miss Philippa Tremlett, who both came in the Earl and Countess of Cottenham's party, Miss Camilla Straight, Miss Mary Mount, Mr. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie, Lord Brooke, Lady Philippa Wallop, Miss Meriel and Miss Belinda Gold, Mr. Charles Wiggin, Miss Linda McNair Scott, Miss Caroline Yorke, Miss Selina Harvey-Bathurst, Miss Antonia Edmonstone, and many of those I have already mentioned at the other dances this week.

The youngest dancer, who stayed up until midnight was Jane's sister, eight-year-old Miss Angela Sheffield, whom I saw dancing happily with her godfather, Lord Howard de Walden.

SUPPER was served at candlelit tables in an oak panelled room referred to as "the office," where I saw Lady Herbert, Cdr. and Mrs. Colin Buist having supper with their joint host, Mr. John Sheffield, Lady Lilian Austin, Viscount and Viscountess Monck, Capt. and Mrs. Bobby Petre and Mrs. Reggie Sheffield. Other older guests at the ball included Mrs. George Sheffield and the Hon. Mrs. Sheffield, the Hon. David and Lady Anne Rhys, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Hall, the Countess of Malmesbury, the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Samuel, Mr. Henry Garnett and his lovely wife Lady Bridgett Garnett, and the Earl of Carnarvon who was admiring some of the beautiful pictures.

Pictures of the ball will be found on pages 736-7.

FOR those who keep a scrapbook their race card headed "Ascot Races, run at Newbury," will be an amusing, and let us hope unique entry. Despite the fact that the afternoon was favoured with glorious sunshine, that the course was in perfect condition, and that the Ascot Stewards—the Duke of Norfolk, Capt. Charles Moore, the Marquess of Abergavenny and Lord Tryon—were officiating, there was no resemblance to the wonderful atmosphere of an Ascot Heath meeting.

I went down very comfortably by train, leaving Paddington at 12.25 p.m., but British

Railways had given out that there would be no race specials so that many more people came by road, which caused fearful chaos. I met numerous friends who had been in the "hold up" and missed both the first and second races, and I heard that several jockeys were delayed, too. As the favourite, Mr. R. B. Moller's much fancied Minstrel's Gallery, won the first race, this for some people was quite an expensive delay.

The second race produced another well-backed and popular winner, when the Hon. Anthony Samuel's good two-year-old Gilles de Retz, trained by Mrs. Gordon Houghton and Mr. Charles Jerdein, who are having such a successful season, won the valuable Erroll Stakes.



MISS DIANA DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, elder daughter of Lady Pamela Douglas-Hamilton and Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, is here being presented with flowers by her small trainbearer after her wedding recently at St. Columba Church, Elgin, to Mr. Gavin William Younger. The bride is a niece of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon

THE Members' enclosure was full, and gay summer suits and dresses were everywhere to be seen. The Duchess of Norfolk, looking very cool in a blue and white striped silk dress, was talking to Mr. and Mrs. John Hislop. The Countess of Derby, Mrs. John Thursby, the Countess of Sefton, Lady Manton, Mrs. Graeme Whitelaw, the Hon. Lady Hardy, all accompanied by their husbands, had chosen light summer suits. Others racing included the Duchess of Marlborough, Lord Ashcombe, Mrs. Enid Cameron, very neat in a blue and white print, Mr. and Mrs. Brian Gethin, Mr. and Mrs. Brian Rootes, Mr. Herbert Holt who is over from Nassau with his wife for the summer, the Earl of Carnarvon, Capt. and Mrs. Charles Tremayne, the latter in a sapphire blue silk dress, Major Gwyne Morgan Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham, Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Baring, and Mrs. Violet Kingscote escorted by Major Stirling Stuart.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the gayest festivities of the London season is the Cygnets Ball which has now been held for five consecutive years. Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony, who runs the Cygnet's House in Queen's Gate so efficiently as a continuation school for girls who have finished their normal education and wish to specialize before taking up some form of work, sends out invitations jointly with the twenty students in residence each year. The guests, who totalled over two hundred for this year's ball, included

[Continued overleaf]



Swaebe

WARWICKSHIRE BRIDAL: Mr. Frederick Lee of Coventry, and Miss Joan Botwood of Leamington Spa, whose wedding is described in the adjoining column, are seen here leaving the Church of Holy Trinity, Leamington, after the ceremony. They had a guard of honour of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment

Continuing The Social Journal

Cygnets' dance had international air

a few of her older friends, a number of former Cygnets and the young friends of present students.

It was a dinner-dance, with tables arranged all around the ballroom at Claridge's, and Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony received the guests with a Cygnet past and present. This year the honour was shared firstly by Miss Deborah Windus, a 1954 Cygnet, and tall and attractive Miss Jennifer Hyde who is studying there now. She comes from Sydney, N.S.W., and had a big party of Australian friends at her table. After a while Miss Susan Clifford Turner, another 1954 Cygnet, and Miss Alexandra Welch, a very pretty girl who is now studying there, took over, and were helping to receive when I arrived.

AMONG present Cygnets I noticed at the ball—which was a very gay affair especially when it came to dancing Scottish Reels—were Miss Teal Picton Philipps from Edinburgh, Miss Jean Campbell whose home is now in Cheshire, Miss Gillian Selby, Baroness Ingrid von Heydekampfe, a lovely girl from Hanover, Miss Susan Summer and young Austrian Countess "Bunny" Esterhazy; while two former Cygnets were the Hon. Mrs. Edmund Ironside, who came with her good-looking husband, and Miss Susan Bennison. The young men at the party included the Hon. Timothy Jessel, Prince Croy, Mr. Bryan Clauson, Mr. Charles Connell, who was dancing with Miss Susan Clifford Turner, the Hon. Roger Cunliffe, Mr. James Frere, Bluemantle Pursuivant, Mr. Christopher Motley, Count Ferdinand Galen, Mr. Richard Latham and Mr. Charles Longbottom, chairman of the Young Conservatives, who fought Stockton at the last election and greatly reduced the Opposition majority.

Older guests included Lord and Lady Grantchester, Sir Charles Petrie and Lady Petrie who is the very efficient Mayor of Kensington, Sir Charles and Lady Doughty, Sir David Gammans, M.P. and Lady Gammans, and Mr. Archibald Russell, Clarenceux King of Arms, who recently sold at Sotheby's a number of pictures he had collected during many years, and had the satisfaction of seeing his judicious buying bring a big reward. I was told that one picture, for which he had paid less than £100, made £5,000, and all the rest sold well.

★ ★ ★

HOLY Trinity Church, Leamington Spa, was decorated with white flowers for the marriage of Mr. Frederick Lee, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Lee of Coventry, and Miss Joan Botwood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Botwood, of Mallory Court, Leamington Spa, in the presence of the Bishop of Coventry who gave the blessing. The bride wore a white lace wedding dress with a white taffeta train in the form of petals, and her tulle veil was held in place by a crown of white flowers. There was one older bridesmaid, Miss Susan Forbes, and two children, Anne Calcott and Mary Morris, who wore dresses of white silk organza over lime taffeta and flower headdresses.

After the ceremony the bride's parents held a reception at Mallory Court. Mr. and Mrs. Botwood, the latter in a blue lace dress with a hat to match, and Mr. and Mrs. Lee, the latter in a stone and black silk suit, received nearly 300

guests. When the bride and bridegroom had cut their wedding cake, Sir George Briggs proposed their health. Among other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Miller Jones, M. J. Bouillant, who was talking to Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Davis, Mr. Michael Collins, the best man, who had flown from Baghdad for the wedding, the bride's sister, Mrs. William Walter, in a printed silk suit, with her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Priest and Mr. and Mrs. Peachey.

★ ★ ★

LORD ILIFFE, President of the International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain, presided at their annual dinner and dance which took place at the Royal Automobile Club. He proposed the toast of the overseas guests to which Mr. Victor Seixas, captain of the winning U.S.A. Davis Cup team replied. At this event there is always a great gathering of lawn tennis enthusiasts both past and present, from all parts of the world, and it is a happy prelude to the great All-England Lawn Tennis championship meeting at Wimbledon which begins forty-eight hours later.

Sitting at the President's table with Lady Iliffe, who looked charming in black with a white fox stole, were American Mr. and Mrs. Brinker, the latter better known over here as the dynamic Miss Maureen Connolly, H.H. the Maharao of Kutch, M. Jean Borotra, Mr. Jaroslav Drobný and several others.

JUDGE Sir Gerald Hargreaves brought his attractive bride, who wore an off-the-shoulder black dress; they were sitting with Mr. A. H. Riseley, vice-president of the I.L.T.C., Mr. Nigel Sharpe, and Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Patterson. He was of course one of the finest Australian lawn tennis players ever to win the championship at Wimbledon. Mr. Montagu Temple, the hard working hon. secretary of the dinner-dance, was there with Mrs. Temple and their young niece Miss Ferelith Hamilton, who is to be presented next year. Among the players present were Americans Miss Louise Brough, Mr. Tony Trabert—a "hot tip" for the singles championship—and his wife, Mr. Gardner Mulloy, Mr. "Art" Larsen, Mr. Budge Patty, Mr. "Ham" Richardson, who is going up to Oxford in the autumn, and Miss Darlene Hard, a very gay young player.

The young Australian player Mr. Ken Rosewall was there, having just won the London Grass Court Championship at Queen's Club, by defeating his fellow countrymen Mr. Lewis Hoad. He is another tipped, at the time of writing, to win the All-England Championship at Wimbledon at the end of this week. The brilliant young South African player, fifteen-year-old Miss Jean Forbes, I saw dancing with one of her brothers. Others I noticed were M. Philippe Washer from Belgium, Mr. L. Bergelin from Sweden, Mrs. Miglori from Italy and Mr. N. Kumar, the Indian Davis Cup player.

NEXT day I went down to Hurlingham Club where the chairman and committee gave their annual luncheon on the occasion of the Overseas Reception of the International Lawn Tennis Club, which is usually followed by wonderful exhibition matches on the fine club courts, given by all the players on the eve of their appearance at Wimbledon. Mr. Charles Norton, the very able and go-ahead chairman of Hurlingham Club, who has made so many improvements since he took it on, received the guests—who included many of those I have already mentioned at the I.L.T.C. dinner the night before—with Mrs. Norton who looked charming in pink and grey.

Sitting at the top table with the chairman were Lord and Lady Iliffe, Lt.-Col. A. R. F. Kingscote, chairman of the I.L.T.C., and Mrs.



THE MARINERS' TEAM gathered in their goalmouth to stop a sixty-yards penalty against them during a match at Smith's Lawn, Windsor. The ball, hit by a Woolmers Park player, winners by 7 to 5, is on the left being stopped by Lt. J. W. M. Maunder. In the team also are Lt.-Col. A. F. Harper, Lt.-Cdr. R. E. F. de Pass and Prince Philip



The Queen receiving a great acclamation when the Marquess of Douro (right) called for three cheers for Her Majesty after she had presented the trophies

Kingscote, Mr. Frank Riseley the vice-president, his daughter Mrs. Shaw, Lord Blackford, Sir Charles Doughty and Brig. Derek Schreiber, all members of the Hurlingham Committee, Lady Blackford, Lady Doughty, Mr. Harry Hopman, manager of the Australian team, and Mrs. Hopman, M. Jean Borotra in his usual scintillating form, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Seixas, Miss Louise Brough, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Paish and Mr. and Mrs. Tony Mottram. Others present included Sir Charles Petrie and his wife the Mayor of Kensington, and Brig. Jackie Smyth, V.C., and his wife. He is perhaps one of the finest writers on lawn tennis in the country, but at the moment his duties as a Minister in the Government do not allow him time for this, with the exception of the

extremely good introduction in the Wimbledon All-England Championship Programme, which he has done now for the past nine years.

At the end of luncheon the chairman had to announce that owing to the continuous rain the exhibition lawn tennis matches had to be cancelled. This was the first time on record that these matches have had to be abandoned.

THE following day I went down to Wimbledon for the start of the championships, in which players from over thirty nations are competing. This two-week tournament, which ends next Saturday, is perhaps the greatest in the world and always produces magnificent tennis by the best players of the year. The Centre Court programme opened in the

traditional way with the reigning champion, Jaroslav Drobny, defending his title against the Swiss player, M. R. Buser.

LORD TEMPLEWOOD, Earl Jowitt and Lady Greig, widow of Sir Louis Greig, for years a great personality of Wimbledon tennis, were among those in the Royal Box watching this match. The best match I saw was the defeat of Lennart Bergelin, the Swedish cup player, by the young South African Gordon Forbes after a terrific duel which went to five sets. The Duchess of Kent, President of the All-England Club, was present next day, and has been down to watch the play on several afternoons. On Friday and Saturday she will present the cups to the winners.



Mr. and Mrs. E. Lalor were watching the finals on the last day. Mr. Lalor is the noted polo player from the Argentine



Miss Susan Ley and Miss Audrey Hardy, debutantes this year, were checking their programmes during the final of the Royal Windsor Cup



Miss Merial Rendell and Mr. William Appleby were among the enormous crowd of spectators at this most successful polo week

Desmond O'Neill



Miss Patsy Beard and Mr. Julian Oakley were about to hoist the jib on Sally Forth, owned by Miss Beard's father, Mr. J. Stanley Beard



Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Higgs were watching the racing from the very stable and solid deck of their 29-ton motor cruiser Silver Clyde



Mr. E. G. Gillam of the Southern Hydroplane Club, who came third in the West of England Trophy

UNDER SAIL AND UNDER POWER: A MIXED REGATTA AT POOLE

TO celebrate its jubilee year, the Royal Motor Yacht Club, Sandbanks, held its first postwar regatta at Poole, Dorset, at which there was a large entry for both sail and power events. A stiff breeze and choppy seas made exciting racing, especially for the small outboard hydroplanes in the speedboat events. The sailing classes included cruisers, Flying Fifteens, "X" Class and Merlin Rockets. Prince Philip is Admiral of the R.M.Y.C. and Earl Mountbatten is Vice-Admiral. The regatta included an enjoyable dinner dance during which the Marquess Camden presented the prizes, given by the R.M.Y.C.



Mrs. D. A. F. Home, Mrs. E. Fox and Lt.-Cdr. Arthur Bray, R.N.V.R. (retd.) who was Officer of the Day

The Marquess Camden who is Vice-Commodore of the R.M.Y.C., Lt.-Col. D. A. F. Home and Mr. E. S. Fox



Hydroplane outboard motor speedboats rounding a buoy in the very choppy seas. Their speed is anything between 30 and 40 m.p.h.



Phizz (Mr. F. P. L. Jackson), winner of the cruiser class, crosses the finishing line in magnificent style

Victor Yorke

EDWARDIAN HENLEY—AND TODAY

G. O. ("GULLY") NICKALLS, who writes here of past and present Henley Royal Regattas, is (as was his father also) one of the rowing world's best-known and liked personalities. He is chairman of the Amateur Rowing Association and has been seven times winner of the Grand Challenge Cup. One of his recreations is painting, and he has a picture in this year's Royal Academy



MY recollections of Henley Regatta go back a long way; not, however, "farther than I care to remember." I find that this is the usual phrase which people who are a little cowardly about dates, and the length of time they have existed on this planet, invariably seem to use when recalling the long ago.

I will, however, be precise, and so far from "not caring to remember," I remember with joy and gladness that day in 1905 when I was first taken to Henley "to see Daddy row." Obviously, I was suitably bedecked according to the fashions for children prevailing at that time; even down to my scarf or silk square, as it was called, around my neck. My nannie, with threats of dire penalties to follow, had warned me against losing it. On coming out of the luncheon tent, I realized that the precious silk square was missing. In those days I spoke with a pronounced lisp, and in fear and horror I blurted out "I've forgotten my thilk thquare."

THE sheer smugness of this lisped remark was greeted with a peal of laughter from my uncle, Harcourt Gold, to my complete bewilderment and stupefaction. However, the precious thing was duly recovered and arranged once more stocklike round my neck.

Later in the day, I went on the launch to see Daddy row. The getting of the crews

on to the stake boat, and the umpire's solemn words of warning, filled me with fright and dismay. Suddenly, in the midst of this awe-inspiring curriculum, my father winked at me. He had rowed his first race at Henley twenty years before, and in the words of W. S. Gilbert in *The Yeomen Of The Guard* he had "faced the grim old king a thousand times." Nervously I smiled back (no talking on the launch I had been warned) and my heart was filled with pride and happiness.

IT was in those days that I first met the fabulous W. B. Woodgate. Woodgate had won the Diamond Sculls in the mid sixties, and achieved the unique distinction of rowing eight races in one day over the Henley course. It was he who invented four-oared rowing without coxes by the simple expedient of ordering his coxswain to jump overboard on the "Go." This he duly did, and Woodgate's four, relieved of its human cargo, won easily.

Woodgate was an impressive spectacle with his rugged yet finely chiselled features. He was inclined to sport an Inverness cape fastened with leather buttons or, where a button was missing, a large safety pin or a bit of string was pressed into service. His headgear, if it wasn't the square bowler style of John Bull, was usually a kind of half-bred deerstalker.

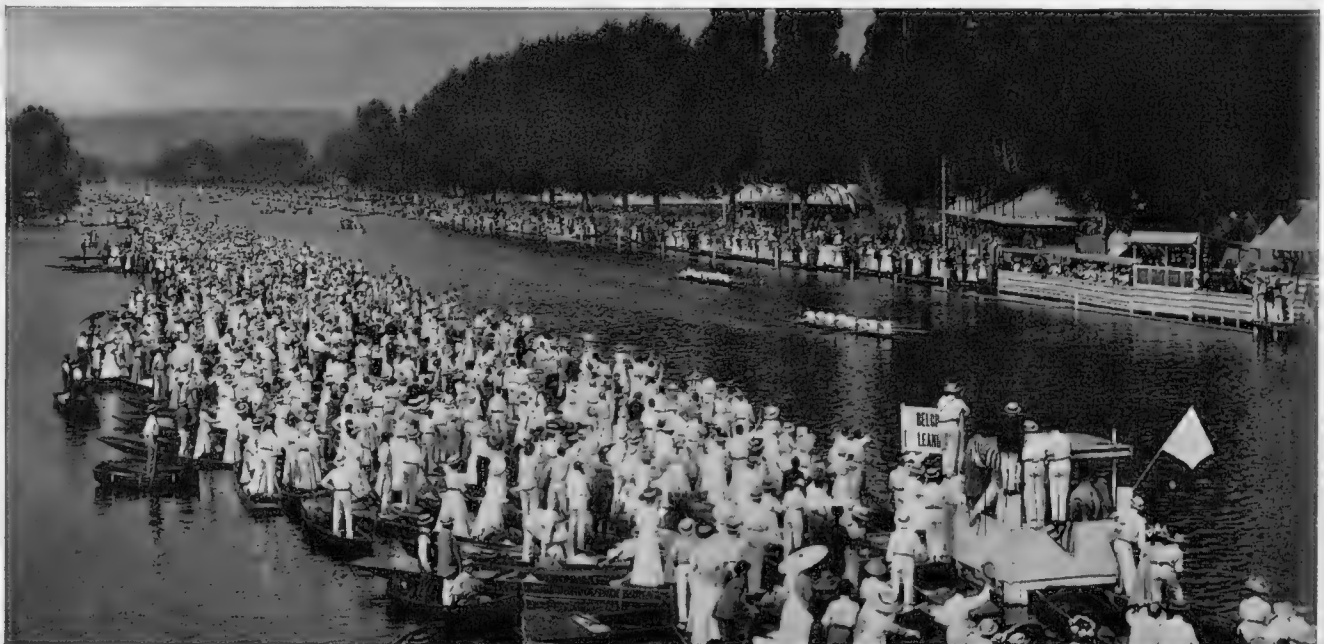
He never ceased to regard me as a child. Even when I was comparatively mature, and actually rowing in the Regatta, he felt that my

hand was not really big enough for his, and would instead proffer a gnarled forefinger with the remark "How de do, young Guy?"

In the mid-Edwardian era, the Belgians became the terrors of the Regatta, gaining three well-deserved victories in the Grand Challenge Cup. When they first arrived they caused a good deal of quiet merriment amongst the pundits. They screwed their boat together (surely the first sectional boat to be seen in this country), launched it, and with sock suspenders still firmly adjusted round their calves, paddled down the course. No one would have given a penny for their chances, yet within a week they had trounced the opposition. Two of the crew wore voluminous black beards. One venerable critic was asked the name of the man with a black beard rowing seven. "That," he said, "is Judas Iscariot." Then he was asked, "Who is the bearded man rowing at three?" "That is Judas (not Iscariot)" he replied.

SINCE its foundation in 1839, Henley Regatta has seen many changes. Prior to 1886, the finish was at Henley Bridge. This caused an unfair advantage to the crew rowing on the Berks station. So between 1886 and 1922 the finish was moved some three hundred yards down stream, while the start was fixed at the far end of Temple Island. This was a distinct improvement, but there was still a slight angle in the course, and it was not until 1924 that, by cutting away some of the bank on the

HENLEY IN 1908, the Olympic Regatta with Leander beating the Belgians in the final. This was the last occasion on which this country won the Olympic eight-oared race—with a crew of veterans whose average age was 29





PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY winning a heat of the Thames Challenge Cup at the 1952 Henley. This aerial view is taken from the famous church tower which has presided over all the Regattas dating back to the year 1839

Berkshire shore, Henley obtained a straight course.

In the old days there were more houseboats, and a vast congregation of all sorts of craft around the finish. These have now given way to enclosures offering a far better view of the racing. In recent years Henley has attracted more and more people, and there have been considerable additional facilities introduced for the comfort and convenience of the spectators. In spite of everything, however, the Regatta retains a distinctly Edwardian flavour, which seems to bring people again and again to this annual aquatic festival.

When I went to my private school I had two photographs by my bedside—my father glowered at me behind a formidable Edwardian moustache, and a rather small-peaked rowing cap, while my mother stood resplendent in a lace dress. It may not have been lace, though I thought it was. The fabric gave the impression of a number of small and carefully designed apertures arranged in an intricate pattern which had been punched in exquisite design out of the material. An ornate hat sat high. It could not have been within six inches of her scalp, and was obviously supported in position by hair and sheer will-power. Her waist, eighteen inches when she had married eight years previously was, I suppose, not more than twenty at the time. To me it looked very wonderful.

I REMEMBER, too, discussions with her dress-maker. There was a good deal of talk about "georgette," though I never discovered exactly what it was. Busts were inclined to be swathed in "charmeuse," flounces were *de rigueur*, and more often than not something or other was attractively "gathered at the waist." Then there was that wondrous moment when the skirt was lifted an inch or two, and a handkerchief slipped into a small pocket just above the hem of the petticoat. The whole thing was wondrous and enchanting. But then, I am one of those incorrigible woman-lovers who think that each succeeding fashion is prettier

than the last, and that women get more and more beautiful every year.

Finery at Henley, however, is not the prerogative of the fairer sex. It is surely the final citadel of the peacock-proud and flaunting male. There, in the manner of some of our more intimate ornithological nature films, blazer-bedecked and gaily caparisoned, he can exhibit his plumes without fear of derision.

I would not pretend that the general effect is invariably happy, or flattering either, to the figure or the complexion. Ensembles are sometimes weird as was hinted at by the composer of that Clerihew which records that

*Spats
are very seldom worn with straw hats
Not even at a
Regatta*

AND now I must drag myself, admittedly with reluctance, from that gorgeous Edwardian kaleidoscope to this year's Regatta and its prospects.

There is a strong challenge from overseas and without, as yet, having noticed anything outstandingly impregnable in our own defences, it resolves itself into a question of how many of our trophies we shall be able either to recapture or retain.

The Soviet Union or U.S.S.R. (you simply must not call them Russians) are sending by far the largest contingent. They have entered again for the Grand Challenge Cup, The Stewards' Fours and the Pairs or Goblets, of which they are the present holders, and are challenging in the Double Sculls and the Diamonds. To say that they are a force to be reckoned with (the dock strike permitting) would be, to say the least of it, an almost unpardonable understatement.

All challengers at Henley are welcome, and they know it. Nevertheless, a special and affectionate welcome is awaiting the Vancouver Rowing Club on their first appearance at the Regatta. This is the same crew, composed of undergraduates of the University of British Columbia, which won the eight-oared event

in the British Empire and Commonwealth Games last August by defeating the eight of the Thames Rowing Club.

Owing to the dock strike, the arrival of their shell was delayed by ten days. This has made them short of practice. Leander stepped into the breach, and have lent them a boat and oars, so far removed, unfortunately, from those to which they are accustomed, that they have been of little use. Vancouver have borne this misfortune philosophically, and with courage. It remains, at time of writing, to be seen how much the troubles of the Cunard Company will affect the arrival of the University of Pennsylvania, or whether the troubles in their own country will jeopardize the arrival of an eight from the Argentine.

Leander have not been able to enter for the Grand. Whatever hope we have must therefore be pinned on the Thames Rowing Club, who have put in a tremendous amount of hard training, and are rowing with dash and spirit. Good luck to them. In the Stewards' Fours, in the absence of any outstanding English combination, the Soviet appear to be the probable winners.

FOR the Goblets, in addition to the Soviet challenge, we have entries from the Argentine and Poland. The Leander pair—Davidge and Gobbo—will possibly prove our best entry in this event. Those grand old timers Fox and Marsden will have to pull something special out of the bag in the Double Sculls to ward off challenges from Switzerland, and no less than three from the Soviet Union.

The Diamond Sculls, as is usual nowadays, appears to be in imminent danger of going abroad. D. V. Melvin might do well, D.V., though he will prove himself a superman should he triumph over formidable entries from the U.S.A., Belgium, Switzerland, Poland, South Africa and, inevitably again, the Soviet Union.

Prophecy, however, especially as regards rowing, is a mug's game, and the whole set-up is fraught with possibilities.

Roundabout

Paul Holt



"Played the whole of the second act holding up an umbrella"

I took alarm the other day at reading that the L.C.C. has given permission for the changing of the Stoll Theatre into offices, for I find no pleasure in an office. And so I hurried along to the other threatened London theatre, one of the most beautiful in Europe, the St. James's, off Pall Mall.

Mr. Laurence Atteridge the manager, small, neat, looking like a cavalryman, reassured me. There is no immediate danger.

What a lovely theatre this is! From the back of the gallery, where the aficionados sit on old leather-stuffed benches, you can hear a whisper from the stage and the sight is entrancing, for the theatre is shaped like an exaggerated horseshoe. This gives it an atmosphere so snug you feel you are in the private theatre of the mad King Ludwig of Bavaria, and the players are playing only for you.

Above the proscenium arch there is an elaborate fresco and medallion, which, when cleaned a year ago, turned out to be true gold leaf and porcelain. Nobody has ever found out if the medallion has any identity; perhaps it is the profile of an unknown actor of Prinny's day (the theatre was built in 1830).

THE St. James's has two ghosts and an echo.

First and most persistent is the ghost of Sir George Alexander. This distinguished wraith seems over the years to have become the personal property of Mrs. Quin, the housekeeper. Old Mac, the stage door keeper (his name is Donald MacMinnies, though he comes from Suffolk) says that he has heard Mrs. Quin say "He was in a terrible temper this morning," and "Quite sunny he was today." I could not find anybody else who has seen Sir George's apparition, although all connected with the theatre are staunchly pro-Quin in the matter.

It is thought that Sir George walks the theatre in search of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, to tell her what he thinks of her.

Mrs. Campbell was a sore trial to him. When he had a fine declamation over her dying body she would turn her back to the

audience and flip chocolates at the back-cloth. It got so bad that they ceased to speak and Sir George would send cold notes to her dressing-room. The notes she sent back hurt his feelings considerably.

It was Mrs. Quin's quick opinion that the happy ghost of Sir George appeared when he had written a particularly choice one to Mrs. Pat, while the grumpy ghost turned up when he had received a back-hander.

A LITTLE old lady who hurries through the stalls is the other ghost. Mr. Leo Genn, the actor, has seen her and thinks that she may have dropped her opera glasses.

The echo is an odd one. As I said, the acoustics of this theatre are as nearly perfect as I have found anywhere in the world; yet from the right-hand corridor

leading from the snug foyer to the stalls a murmur can echo clearly for fifty feet.

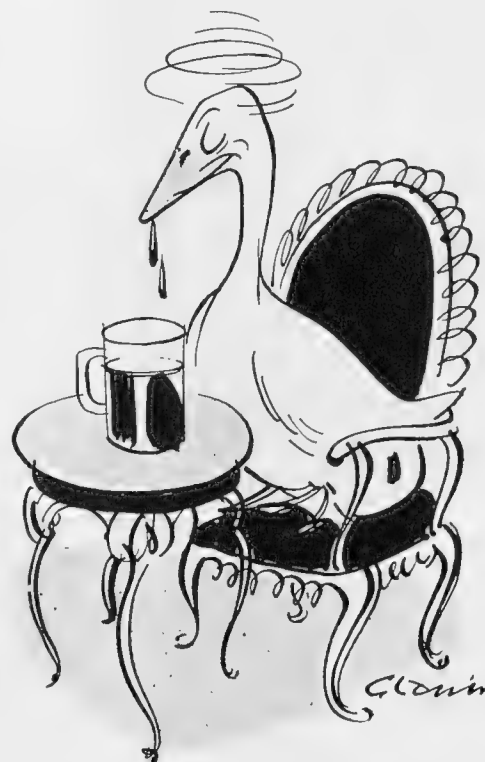
You should be warned that if you are talking of some family scandal on that journey, it can keep.

Mr. Atteridge is sad about one thing. Royalty no longer cares to use the Royal box; nowadays the Royals prefer to sit in the stalls. This leads to complications of movement without causing congestion or perturbation to the rest of the audience.

He led me to the private entrance that leads to the Royal retiring room and so to the Royal box.

The Royal retiring room is surprisingly modest, with one Empire style couch and two chairs, which looked a bit spiky to me, although I did not try them.

The appointments are extremely modest. One washbasin of the period, I should guess, of 1875, with two brass taps and a lovely florid design of pink roses and bowers in the porcelain. A bar of kitchen soap lay in the groove.



"They had to leave Mifanwy at a friendly pub"

MEMORIES of the St. James's, I found, are inextricably mixed with the name of Sir Gerald du Maurier. His name has come down in theatre history as the man who changed the whole style of English acting, by underplaying and turning his back to the audience to convey "nonchalance."

But to his fellow actors he will be remembered as the greatest one for a prank the theatre has ever known. He would go to absurd lengths to pull off his jape.

Once, having produced a play and set his actors in their exact positions, he spent hundreds of pounds installing a pipe running across the flies with holes in it at exact positions, from which water fell, drop by drop. His fellow players had to endure a whole act of this Chinese torture on their pates without moving a muscle to betray to the audience their maddening predicament.

One actor, less stoic than the rest, played the whole of the second act of the play holding up an umbrella. And although the scene was (as it usually

is) a vicarage drawing-room on a sunny summer afternoon, nobody in the audience was heard to protest. Which only goes to prove to me that you can offer an English audience anything at all, so long as you keep a straight face about it. Their gullibility is as fathomless as the great Atlantic crater off the Isles of the Hesperides.

It was inevitable, of course, that any company of players with any spirit at all would react to Sir Gerald's prankstership with a counterblow. It happened in a curious way.

The players all clubbed together to hire a horse.

With the greatest difficulty they steered and pushed the patient animal in through the stage door, backed and filled it along a tight corridor, whoaed back and geed it up around two corners, and pushed it into Sir Gerald's dressing-room, where they left it.

In came Sir Gerald, saw the horse, said "Good evening" politely and sat down at his dressing table to make up.

He paid no more attention to the animal.

★ ★ ★

THE faithful Herbert called for my friend Deirdre, the now famous débutante, again, this time in a Rolls-Royce at least thirty years old with a body of polished mahogany, shaped like a boat. He wanted her to go to a garden fête and funfair run by his uncle, who is vicar of somewhere in Surrey.

The pageant made Deirdre giggle, for the ladies looked chapped and solemn in their draperies, but the funfair was fun.

She bowled for a goose and got the impressive total of thirty-nine. Then along came a sullen sort of chap, who got forty. He'll eat that goose, thought Deirdre.

She had already named the bird Mifanwy and was determined to save its life. Sixpence after sixpence she borrowed from the faithful Herbert. The sun threw long shadows, but still she went on until at last, oh glory! she made forty-one.

Fiercely she gathered the flustered bird in her arms, took it to the Rolls boat, got in the back, tied her scarf around its neck and waited, grimly triumphant, for Herbert to take her home.

But Herbert stopped. He drew a basket and rug from the boot and proceeded to have a picnic. The goose Mifanwy was furious, but Deirdre kept a firm grip on her scarf and made clucking noises while she ate smoked-salmon sandwiches and drank rather warm Chablis.

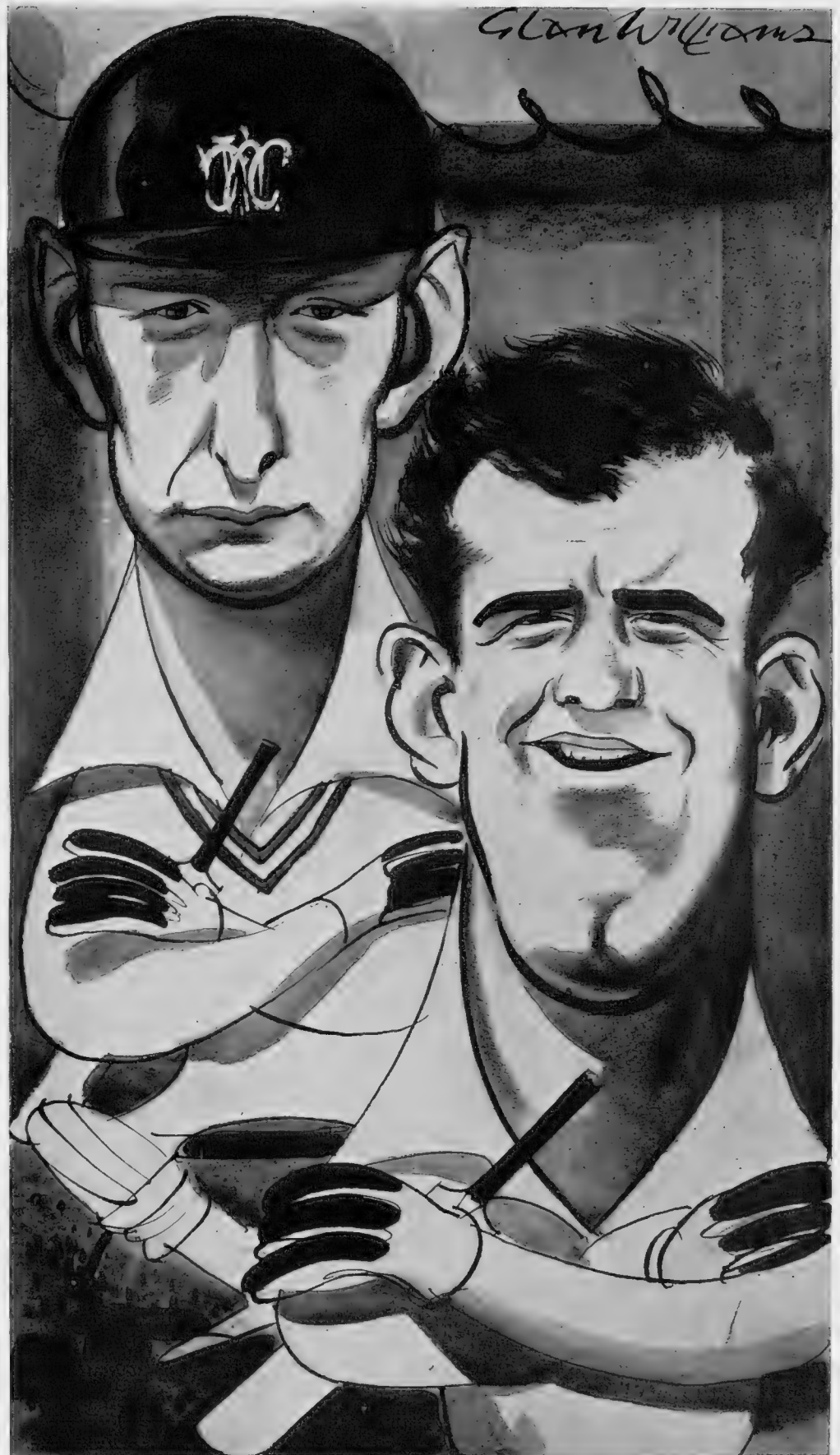
SUDDENLY Herbert leaned across towards her. Whoops! thought Deirdre, here it comes.

"D'you know," said Herbert softly, "if this car had independent springing it would beat any on the road today."

At that moment it dawned on Deirdre that if she married an Englishman all her emotional life would be inextricably mixed with the principles of mechanics.

They had to leave Mifanwy at a friendly pub and both came home in thoughtful silence.

I am afraid it is a case.



THE UNIVERSITY MATCH. C. C. P. Williams of Westminster and Christ Church, captain of the Oxford University cricket team, is seen here with D. R. W. Silk, captain of Cambridge, who is also a Rugby Blue. Charles Williams, who has just completed his fourth year at Oxford, first played against Cambridge in 1953, and again in 1954. He was the first player to score a hundred in a first-class match this season, when he made 120 against Gloucestershire in May. Dennis Silk of Christ's Hospital and Sidney Sussex opens the batting for Cambridge and this year has a chance to set up an interesting personal record by being the first player in the history of the University match to score three separate centuries, following his successes in 1953 and 1954. Oxford, who narrowly missed victory in 1954, are thought not to have such good prospects this year, but the form of either side is usually hard to judge from performances against the counties, when absences on account of examinations often cause difficulties in building up a balanced team. This year as in many others, it is probably anybody's match if the weather holds.

JOCKEY TO THE QUEEN

W. H. Carr, who has ridden many of Her Majesty's horses to victory, is here with his wife in their home at Newmarket. On the mantelpiece can be seen some of the trophies which he has won both for racing and for his champion birds which, in partnership with Bruce Hobbs, the National Hunt jockey, he exhibits at shows all over the country



At the Races

A PIPE OF PEACE AT NEWMARKET

WHEN this recent transport difficulty first broke out I think that most people expected that racing would be one of the first things to be almost completely put out of action. Of course it was to a certain extent impeded, but not to the same extent that it would have been before road and air transport became so popular.

The people who were really badly hit were the rail-using members of the public, who form the bulk of the audience at our race meetings, and without whom the various courses could not make two ends meet. There are hundreds of places where there is no resident horse population such as there is at Newmarket, and these, of course, are the spots most vulnerable to a railway hold-up.

We weathered two unpleasant wars successfully; but then in wartime everyone is usually better-tempered and much more co-operative than they are in the piping times of peace, a state of affairs unhappily so foreign to us, that we have almost forgotten what it feels like. In these days somebody, somewhere or other, is always sharpening his knife on his boot. So tiresome and so boring.

My own idea of a really restful time is—or used to be—to go out with the first lot; ride a bit of work, fast for choice (and I was light enough

in those days); then back for breakfast. Cambridge sausages never tasted so good as they did at Newmarket. Then the spin of a coin about the Second Lot; out again and mooch about The Heath on a sunny (if any) morning on something that had not been spoilt by someone who was mutton-fisted and which knew that you would not start that horrible operation; a two-year-old for instance.

THOUGH old Sergeant Murphy was a charming hack when that nice old George Blackwell had him at Fitzroy House, and Sir Alfred Munnings was busy doing his portrait for the owner, I always preferred riding "the children," naughty or otherwise. They soon stopped showing off when they found out that you were not impressed; and, after all, it's the job of the young to flourish their heels in the air. If you leave them alone and take no notice they are soon quite pleased to put their little heads down and nibble the grass.



Many worse spots exist than Newmarket on a summer morning, when there is no racing and everything is peaceful and there are bees about and the scent of the grass! Some people may prefer slacking it till cold chicken time in other ways; but, personally, I have found that this "me and my horse" business is extremely rest-giving. Such a contrast to the usual tow-row hurry and jabber! You can even forget your own manifold misdeeds and all the boring things which may be in the newspapers about Russia, Zanzibar and so forth! A pipe, a prad and peace all begin with the same letter and they are all very comforting!

The horse-meat trade in Belgium and other places on the Continent still goes on, and will continue to do so as long as there are to be found people who prefer that kind of food. This trade is quite legitimate, but what is not so are the conditions under which it is carried on, and the ships in which these unfortunate animals are carried.

OTHER things quite apart—and there are many of them—if there is any sort of a sea, these horses get very badly knocked about. In the ships which brought remounts from Australia to India, conditions were often pretty bad, even in those vessels especially fitted for the job, but in any ships which are not so fitted they can become quite horrible. Exportation of horses for slaughter can only be stopped by legislation; but so far no one seems to have been able to get an Act on the Statute Book. Until this is done on both the dispatching and receiving ends, and very strict regulations are imposed dealing with the comfort of these horses in transit, nothing I fear will ever come of it.

Horror pictures are of no avail.

—SABRETACHE



MARLOW HOLDS ITS CENTENARY REGATTA

IN fine weather but a strong head-wind, the Thames R.C. won the Grand Challenge Cup, beating Jesus College, who are head of the river at Cambridge: Above: Queens' College, Cambridge, winning the Thames Eights Cup

Mr. W. H. Watkinson, of the London R.C., Miss Judy Mackaness and Miss Elizabeth Mackaness



Miss Valerie Howard and Mr. J. D. Anderson. There was fine rowing from the Public Schools



Miss Gillian Baker with Mr. G. Bristow, of the Marlow R.C. Marlow were beaten by Leander in the Marlow Pairs



Mrs. R. S. Spatcher and her husband, Mr. R. S. Spatcher, of the Henley Rowing Club, who was photographing the races



Members of the Lady Margaret College, Cambridge, R.C. encourage one of their number in the Junior-Senior Sculls final



Miss Elizabeth Bayley and Mr. David Chandler, of Keble College, Oxford. The first Marlow Regatta was in August 1855



Left: Miss Anne Wright with Mr. Miles Park, of Queens', one of those responsible for the decorations, were standing by a brazier in the gardens



Right: Miss Prudence Baker and Mr. Michael Kelton, of Queens', who brought a party of twenty to the ball, drinking champagne by a floodlit tree

AMPHIBIOUS PLEASURES AT CAMBRIDGE

River called to dancers at
Queens' May Week Ball

IN a specially erected green-and-white-striped marquee, undergraduates of Queens' College and their guests at the May Week Ball danced into the early hours, punted on the river and enjoyed supper in the Hall of the Cloister Court



Left: Mr. Robin Rankin, Miss Heather Weston, Mr. J. M. Wheeler, president of the ball, who entertained many guests at his rooms, and Miss Kirsty Gilmour



Right: Mr. W. John Robertshaw was taking débütante Miss Susan Hampshire for a trip in a punt during the evening



Left: Miss Julie Marriott and Mr. Richard Hanson having supper outside the entrance to the Hall



Right: Mr. William Jory, of Queens', was entertaining Miss Jane Fairey, daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Fairey, who is a debutante this year

Right: Miss Fiona Macgregor and Mr. Ian Bull, a member of the ball committee, sitting out in the Cloisters



Far right: Mr. N. H. Down, Miss Catherine Glanville, Mr. I. D. Ross and Miss Felicity Salmon on their way to watch the cabaret



Right: Miss Ruth Muller and Mr. John Vaughan-Russell. There were nearly 300 guests at this very successful ball



At the Theatre

Whale of a show

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

MR. ORSON WELLES is still a redoubtable *avant-garde* fighter. Find something hard to do—if it happens to be impossible, so much the better—and go at it hard. How else is theatre or cinema to be kept alive? An uncomfortable doctrine, but much may be said for it. You never can tell. *Citizen Kane*, undertaken in the teeth of discouragement, made film history.

Now he is at the Duke of York's Theatre striving with might and main to haul, twist and hammer Herman Melville's *Moby Dick* into some sort of stage shape. An impossible job, of course, but against all the odds he succeeds for a good half of the evening in making it look possible.

READERS of this American sea classic will not need to be told why the job is impossible. We like to think that the theatre's power of suggestion is limitless. So it is in theory, but we are trying theory pretty high when we charge it with the figure of a vengeance-obsessed whale-hunter and set him scouring the seven seas for a mighty white whale which has devoured one of his legs, and show how he comes to lose his own life and the lives of all but one of his dedicated crew in a terrific death grapple with his old enemy.

Here is a yarn which the theatre can deal with only through prodigies of make-believe.



THE AMBITIOUS COMPANY prepares to tackle the task of bringing Melville's great work to the stage. The Actor Manager (Orson Welles) impresses on a Middle-Aged Actor (Wensley Pithey) and a Young Actor (Gordon Jackson) the seriousness of their assignment

It will become a question of how much strain the audience's capacity for make-believe can stand. And *Moby Dick* is a great deal more than an exciting sea yarn.

TO Melville the monstrous fish represented a mystically apprehended force surging through mysterious seas at enmity with all human ideals. Ahab, the hunter, was the self-appointed champion of mankind doomed to destruction by his Lucifer-like pride. How is Mr. Welles to combine the long, slow, far-ranging movements of the hunt with the symbolic values of the story?

There is no want of boldness in his chosen plan. He shows an indifferent company of American actors at the turn of the century giving the play a run-through without costumes or scenery. The assembling of the company (who have little faith in their mad venture) enables him cleverly to suggest the undertones of King Lear in the character of the maniacal skipper who sets out on a

three-years voyage in pursuit of one whale.

These undertones can be heard rumbling through Captain Ahab's show-down with Starbuck, the ship's officer who holds the Christian view that it is wrong to kill bird, beast or fish merely to gratify a desire for personal vengeance. Starbuck is overborne by the old man's unshakable strength of purpose and becomes one of his most devoted admirers.

So far, so good: Mr. Welles has us under his thumb as Captain Ahab has his crew; he has won over assent to his fantastic venture. Then, with only the bare stage, a tangle of swaying ropes, a back-cloth furled and looped as a mainsail and fierce lighting effects, he and his company carry us through a howling typhoon, they lurching sickeningly from side to side of the deck and we beginning to lurch almost as sickeningly from side to side of our seats. This, we tell ourselves, is "something like," and, the great waters subsiding, the first half of the evening ends effectively on the scene of Ahab infecting the crew with his own savage determination to harpoon the white whale.

ILLUSION in the second half is not sustained except at a few odd moments. Mr. Welles is trying all he knows to indicate Melville's symbolic intentions, and he tries in vain. The story never again achieves theatrical reality, and its climax—the fight between Ahab and his crew in small boats with the gashed white whale itself—is a flop. Perhaps it is made to seem plainly a flop because the strain of making-believe has become too much for the audience and we are in a state of exhaustion. Mr. Welles himself is Captain Ahab. He brings to the part a booming voice, an unquailing eye, a masterful expression and impressive bulk. These things somehow do not add up into stage domination. The Man Obsessed just fails to impose his obsession on the audience. As a man of the theatre Mr. Welles is the sworn enemy of monotony. Monotony takes its revenge on him as an actor. He gets good support from all hands in the whaling crew, but only Mr. Patrick McGoochan as Starbuck gets the chance to make a distinct mark of his own.



SWEET HARMONY of an aspiring nature, evoked by Pip (Joan Plowright), chimes in with the transcendental mood of Starbuck (Patrick McGoochan)



Angus McBean

KING AND QUEEN OF STRATFORD. Overlordship of the Stratford-on-Avon stage in this year's Festival has been firmly established by Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, who as Macbeth and his lady provide a version of the utmost menace and blood-bolteredness. Sir Laurence's Macbeth has been acclaimed one of the finest seen on the stage for many years, and is entirely original in its approach to one of Shakespeare's most difficult characters, while Vivien Leigh brings to Lady Macbeth a brooding beauty which enriches the traditional conception of this character

London Limelight

Chance for a trier

MISS EVA BARTOK, who will be earning for herself the epithet "undaunted," if she is not careful (as opposed to "fabulous" and "incomparable"—the copyright of other ladies), is embarked upon a new venture. On this occasion there are solid reasons for believing that she will be able to emerge as a considerable dramatic actress, for the play *The Delegate* is by Roger MacDougal, author of *The Gentle Gunman* and *To Dorothy a Son*.

With her will be Denholm Elliott, the most impressive conveyor of youth and intelligence now in the business, and Naunton Wayne, who has the blessed gift of making foolish lines sound serious and poor jokes appear as Cowardly epigrams.

Mr. MacDougal's script, which needs none of these aids, concerns the troubles of a state-less refugee as seen in the Foreign Office and the Palace of Chaillot, will have the advantage of sensitive handling by one of our most civilised producers, Peter Ashmore. It should reach London in mid-August.

SPURRED by the success of their last year's venture *Out of The Blue*, the Cambridge Footlights have again taken a West End theatre, the Scala this time, to present to

London their May Week revue *Between the Lines*. One or two of the seasoned experts are there to top the bill, notably Brian Marber, who appears as a Russian radio announcer, and Jonathan Miller, now an experienced comedian.

A virtue of these student shows is the professional slickness of the scene changes, which suggests immunity from the current strike-fever.

RAYMOND MOULD, a character out of his time, died last week. He was a man of the theatre all his working life, and Sir Charles Cochran's press agent for many years. A strange, wayward Peter Pan of back-stage and Fleet Street, he was perpetually mesmerised by the mystique of footlights and personalities, which proved for him a magnetic force for ever keeping his feet from touching the ground.

He lived and died in an amiable muddle, the guest who came on a chance invitation to the wings and hovered like a moth for twenty years. The world which he loved is made of sandcastles, but now that the tide has passed, many of the grains will remember him with great affection.

—Youngman Carter



Naunton Wayne, Eva Bartok and Denholm Elliott are in a new play, *The Delegate*, which is shortly to be seen on the London stage

At the Pictures

B-line to stardom

Elsbeth Grant

THE real stars of *Strategic Air Command* are not, as the billing might lead you to believe, Mr. James Stewart and Miss June Allyson: they are the B-36, a monster aircraft of menacing aspect, and the B-47, which, I am credibly informed, is the last word in stratojet bombers. On photographing them in their element, the cameraman, sometimes less than kind to Miss Allyson, has reverently concentrated all his skill:

There is a quite awful fascination about the sequence in which one of these lethal giants is refuelled by another in mid-air—and the shots of the B-36 rising smoothly above the cotton-woolly cloud ranges and gracefully trailing its six strands of silver vapour through a red-gold sunset and across the night-blue sky have a positively magical beauty. It's just too bad that the film's story remains strictly pedestrian.

Mr. Stewart is a baseball player; as such he comes expensive—at 70,000 dollars a year. He is also an Air Force reservist—and as *such* he comes, reluctant, to Carswell Camp to serve a term of twenty-one months with Strategic Air Command, whose job, we are told, is "to keep a long-range bombing force ready and able to strike back instantly if the U.S. is attacked."

I DON'T, somehow, associate the amiable Mr. Stewart with the dropping of atomic bombs, and he himself seems at first uneasy at the prospect of wreaking wholesale destruction—but, possibly persuaded by the ever-present and somewhat startling warning "The nation's security and yours is at stake!" that this may be necessary, he eventually accepts it with enthusiasm. He becomes the keenest flyer in all S.A.C.

This is rather a blow to Miss Allyson, his devoted wife, who finds life in the officers' quarters exceedingly dull. She scarcely ever sees her husband and even when she has a baby he's not around to register suitable anxiety: as a matter of fact, he's crashing in flames on the Arctic tundra. When he returns to her with an injured shoulder, Miss Allyson hopes he will be able to quit the Service. This Mr. Stewart has no intention of doing: on the contrary, he proposes to remain with S.A.C. permanently.

MISS ALLYSON decides she has had enough and becomes, for her, quite bitter. The marriage is on the verge of going to pieces. Then, fortunately, the rigours of a high-altitude flight to Japan render Mr. Stewart unfit for further operational duty and he is free to return to civilian life.

Mr. Stewart is, as ever, easy and charming. Miss Allyson could, of course, play the loyal little woman on her head: I hope she will,

next time—it'll be much more fun that way. The remainder of the cast is mostly male and wears the conventional martial mask—you know the one, with the firmly tensed jaw-line and the stiff upper lip. The dialogue is, throughout, uninspired. Still, I think you may well be impressed by the great hawks of war that go swooping through the upper air in the cause, as is earnestly claimed, of world peace.

"KING OF THE CORAL SEA" is a modest but, I thought, pleasing little picture, produced by and starring that stringy, six-foot-six Australian, Mr. Chips Rafferty—whom you may remember as the stockman in *The Overlanders*. Mr. Rafferty had at one time been a stockman in real life, so his performance in that excellent film was somewhat unjustly written off as "doing what comes naturally." In his latest rôle, as Captain Ted King, head man of a pearling company, he proves himself a jolly good actor.

The story is a *Boys' Own Paper* affair about a wizard pearling expedition and a dastardly plot to smuggle prohibited immigrants into Australia. Captain Ted, honest as the day, conducts the expedition and exposes the plot; as you can imagine, the smugglers are so villainous it seems only right and proper that they should be shot full of harpoons.

For all its black-and-whitesimplicity, the film is agreeable entertainment. Its setting is the chain of islands that starts with Monday and finishes with Week-end. The sun shines, the wind blows briskly, you can smell the sea—and there are underwater sequences in which the superiority of the aqua-lung over the old diving helmet is excitingly demonstrated. It's all very refreshing—and just the thing for your young nephew.

LITTLE Master Jon Whiteley (the elder of the two small boys in *The Kidnappers*, you remember?) trots through *Moonfleet* looking utterly baffled—and I don't wonder. There are some very odd things about this film—for instance, in Dorset, where the action takes place, it is rarely, if ever, daylight—but perhaps the oddest is that it was directed by Herr Fritz Lang. I cannot think why.

Recalling the relish for uncompromising realism he displayed in his direction of *Fury*, I wonder how he felt on being confronted with this preposterous period yarn of a ten-year-old boy, a scoundrelly squire (Mr. Stewart Granger), a band of smugglers, an ignoble lord (Mr. George Sanders) loosely united in matrimony to a light lady (Miss Joan Greenwood); a gypsy dancer (Miss Liliane Montevecchi), and a priceless diamond—hidden, like truth, at the bottom of a well. Poor Herr Lang—I bet he suffered.



James Stewart has an argument with June Allyson in *Strategic Air Command*



A VAUDEVILLE BIOGRAPHY: Bob Hope (top) has his first biographical rôle as Eddie Foy in *The Seven Little Foys*, the humorous and touching story of a celebrated family act of more than thirty-five years ago. Above: Milly Vitale, the Italian actress, and Bob Hope's co-star. Below: Two of the little Foys, Tommy Duran and Jimmy Baird



Television

MOST ROYAL PATRON

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

EVER since the Coronation the Queen has seemed in a very special sense the patroness of TV. No other medium can bring before the nation such a Royal occasion as Her Majesty's visit this week to Holyrood Palace. To-morrow viewers may watch her present a standard to an Edinburgh squadron of the Auxiliary Royal Air Force. On Saturday, this already famous TV setting will be the scene for the so-called "Sunset Ceremony," when the citizens of Edinburgh honour their Sovereign in Scottish song and dance.

Two great ladies of the theatre pay a rare visit to the TV studios on Monday. But Dame Edith Evans and Miss Peggy Ashcroft will appear on our home screens not principally to act, but in their own persons as great actresses of to-day to pay tribute—in discussion with Jack Hawkins—to their predecessor, Sarah Siddons, on her bicentenary.

"ANIMAL, Vegetable and Mineral," itself indulges in experiment on Monday. The National Gallery are to be the challengers and the panel will be required to identify details from famous paintings. A new technical trick, called the "inlay," will enable viewers to see on the screen at the same time the enlarged "detail" and chairman, Glyn Daniel.

The gramophone

DRUMS AND TRAMPLINGS

—Robert Tredinnick

LONDON INTERNATIONAL has produced a number of interesting "off the beaten track" recordings, and recently this enterprising company released a Long Play devoted to the *Musique de la Légion Etrangère*. Writers, film producers and theatre impresarios have all made use of the picturesque toughness of the *légionnaires* in their several ways, and, indeed, all that has been set down has in no way been an exaggeration of their heroism and fortitude.

The thought prompting this record is to express in terms of music, as far as possible, the spirit for which the *Légion Etrangère* is renowned. This military music is of a different type and tradition to, for example, the music of Sousa. It is simpler in form and, at the same time, more forceful in expression. It is in fact based firmly on the call to arms of the bugle and the forward marching beat of drum and cymbal.

THE first side gives well-chosen examples of the objective. Side two offers in the main a selection of *chants légionnaires*. The overall result is subtly inspiring, and could, I believe, be a big stimulant to recruiting, though I imagine that was never the intention when the recording was made. All the same, the spirit of courage and adventure has solidly conquered the grooves of what must, most certainly, be a L.P. for the collector, if no more than that. (London International W. 91071.)



MELODRAMA BY GASLIGHT: Stewart Granger and Belinda Lee in a scene from the forthcoming film *Footsteps in the Dark*, a story of terror and suspense involving murder and blackmail. Stewart Granger takes the part of the master of the house, whose servant, played by Jean Simmons, discovers how his wife came by her sudden death, and thereafter lives in fear herself



Miss Jane Sheffield, the daughter of the house and one of the two débutantes for whom the dance was given, coming down the staircase at Laverstoke House

DÉBUTANTES SHARED A HAMPSHIRE DANCE

MRS. JOHN SHEFFIELD and Mrs. Comar Wilson gave a joint ball for their daughters, Miss Jane Sheffield and Miss Caroline Wilson, at Mr. and Mrs. John Sheffield's beautiful Hampshire home, Laverstoke House, near Whitchurch. The fine house and gardens made a lovely setting for a memorable evening



Miss Virginia Estcourt, Mr. Robie Uniacke and Miss Victoria Buxton in one of the specially-erected marquees set up on the lawn



Miss J. Clifford-Turner and Lord Howard de Walden

Below: Mr. Robin Wilson, Miss Elizabeth of the two débutantes for whom the d





Mrs. R. Sheffield talking to the Earl of Carnarvon

*abéHeald, Miss Caroline Wilson, the other
lamias given, and Mr. Geoffrey Shakerley*



Desmond O'Neill



Mrs. John Sheffield welcoming the Hon. Rodney Berry, who is a brother of Viscount Camrose, and the Hon. Mrs. Rodney Berry



Miss Tessa Ruscoe was waltzing with Mr. Dru Montagu



Miss Joanna Vanderfelt and Mr. Mark Tress dancing a samba

Standing By . . .

Sigh no more, ladies . . .

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WOMEN and gunsmiths, as a pensive chap lately remarked, may be held jointly responsible for the present near-extinction (*vide* Press) of the Bengal tiger, out of whom sahibs wronged by women once used to take it so lavishly. Gunsmiths' naturally egged such women on. When some fickle sweetheart's own turn came to be wronged, however, they immediately lost interest.

This attitude, due to the profit-motive, still prevails in London, we gather, but certainly not in Paris, judging by a shop-window near the Gare St. Lazare which fascinated us a little time ago. Amid a glittering array of lethal cutlery and metal-work designed to promote maximum physical discomfort there nestled, on a bed of blue velvet, an exquisite little gun, vanity-bag size, calibre about .22, with an enamelled butt all over true lovers' knots and forget-me-nots; just the thing for dainty petulant fingers in the Ritz Bar at cocktail-time, elegant as one of those chansonnettes of the Old Régime.

Adieu, Philis! Adieu, charmante!
Adieu, Galeries Lafayette!
Bonsoir, l'Amour! Bonjour, ma tante!
Viv' le chapeau de Mistinguett!
Landeriette (etc.).

From this we deduce that Parisian gunsmiths place gallantry before profit, whereas any sweetheart asking a London gunsmith for something nice, and not too expensive, to shoot a gentleman with would quite likely find herself fobbed cynically off with an elephant-gun and a couple of Winchesters. The tears in those pretty eyes!

Jabberwocky

TWO-HEADED thinkers round Charlotte Street way are naturally gratified, our spies report, at the C.H. lately conferred on Mr. Henry Moore, whose "Standing Figure" in the Tate—described officially as having "two distinct heads, between which there exists marked dramatic tension"—may be taken to represent the Ideal Bicephalic Bloomsbury Type.

Tension between twin noggins of this kind has as yet inspired no advanced playwright. Sartre seems the obvious boy for a one-act piece on this theme. Possible synopsis:

Rupert Stensch, a Bloomsbury thinker with two heads, Alpha and Beta, and his one-headed girl friend, Frowsy Flora, are sitting in Hell, reading the *New Statesman* and loathing each other and existence generally. Overcome by an article on Soviet economics, Stensch rests his heads on Flora's shoulder. Alpha goes to sleep and Beta begins trying to bite Flora's left ear off. She thinks this is an attack on her subjectivity, but it's just a game of Beta's.

Alpha meanwhile dreams that a Mrs. Bagshaw is trying to rob Stensch of his Essential Me. He wakes. High tension develops with Beta, who thinks Flora is enslaving Stensch's transcendence. As they fight a waiter enters and says they are all in Mrs. Bagshaw's "project" and she has called for the laundry. Stensch and Flora then realise that Being-for-Another

spells eternal conflict, but as they are in Hell already they can't do much about it except to be violently sick. (Curtain, none too soon.)

As a tribute to Mr. Moore, Mrs. Bagshaw should be full of elliptical holes, perhaps. No offence.

Chum

As a member of the Mark Twain Society of America (you seem to think we have no contacts) we're entitled to quote twice from *The Jumping Frog* in connection with the forthcoming international frog-jumping contests (*vide* Press) in South Africa. However, at the moment we'd like to touch on the social status of the frog, which all this new publicity will elevate, we hope.

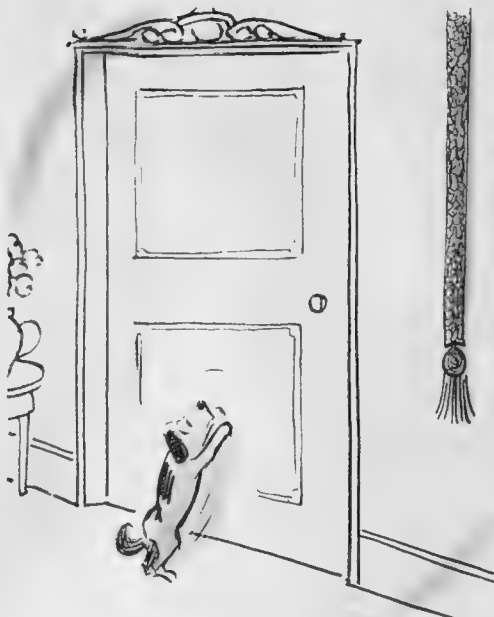
Owing to its curiously selective passion for our dumb chums, based chiefly on size and excluding bacilli, the Race frigidly ignores the frog; a delightful companion nevertheless, who can both jump and sing. Numbers of big girls can do the same, you say. True, but the frog does not make such horrible faces and is incidentally edible, which big girls usually are not. We want rich women to take the frog up. Unfortunately he has his drawbacks, socially speaking. There is no ignoble flattery in his honest eyes, and another handicap, undoubtedly, is that he so often reminds the thoughtful of people "in the news." So, of course, do fish, of whom a fish-loving poet has remarked:

Fish
May sometimes wish
They looked less like chaps,
Perhaps.

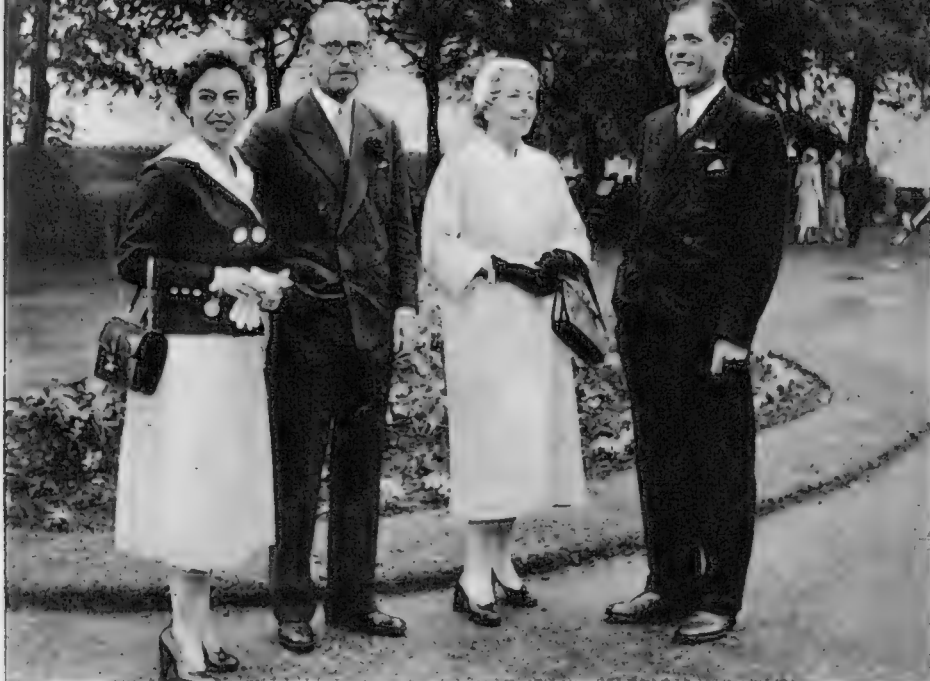
However, this can't be helped, and we ask you to take the frog-question up with your new M.P. He may esteem frogs. He may even be one. We'd like to know. Postcards to "Auntie Joy," c/o. Joe's Bar, W.I.



'Haircut, thou''



BRIGGS~~~~~by Graham



Right: Miss Leoni Steveni was escorted by Mr. Adrian Hardman



HURLINGHAM PARTY FOR TENNIS STARS

FOR the first time in twenty-five years rain spoilt the friendly matches at Hurlingham between the overseas stars playing at Wimbledon. However, many people attended the garden-party held in the players' honour by the International Club of Great Britain. Above: Mrs. Maria Weiss (Argentina), Mr. Charles Norton (chairman of Hurlingham), Mrs. Norton and Mr. Tony Mottram, the British player

Lt.-Cdr. W. W. Threlfall, R.N., Mrs. W. W. Threlfall and Miss June McLoughlin on the terrace



Right: Mr. Basil Bicknell and Miss Julie de Wesselow. Guests had tea to the music of the R.A.F. band



Gordon Forbes from South Africa and his 15½-year-old tennis prodigy sister, Miss Jean Forbes



Miss Jennifer Middleton, Mr. "Beppe" Merlo, the Italian Davis Cup star, and Miss Cosette Damiano

Priscilla in Paris

The cryptic Orient

ONE crowded week of playgoing, of magnificent entertainment, of galas, charity fêtes and parties! We are somewhat dazzled.

At the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt the three performances by the Peking Opera left us in a bemused condition, though old playgoers loudly assured their neighbours that they felt the same amazed shock of pleasure as when Gabriel Astruc first brought Serge Diaghilev and the Russian ballet to Paris.

A Chinese opera apparently partakes of every kind of colourful entertainment. Music—weird, exquisite, tuneful and cacophonous in turn—song (the same adjectives will serve), pantomime, comedy, tragedy, dancing, juggling and acrobatics. The most gorgeous costumes delight the eye and one is intrigued by the Shakespearian simplicity of décor in which symbolism plays an important part.

A CANDLE knocked over on the table signified—though the stage is still lighted—that the scene was being acted in complete darkness; doors were closed and barred in mimicry; the way an actor strutted with out-thrust paunch denoted that he was rich (no doubt poverty would bend him double). Such ingenuity is naïvely charming, but, with all due respect to my not-so-very Elders, the first time I saw Karsavina and Nijinsky in *Scheherazade* still remains one of the greater breathtaking moments of my life, for which I am grateful.

The première of the Folies Bergère—*Ah! Quelle Folie!*—has also taken place, and Paul Derval has footed the bill for 180,000,000 fr. As I foresaw, the menu was almost too copious. The first performance lasted four hours and I cannot imagine which of the forty tableaux can be cut. It is all very well for M. Derval to wander from the stalls to the gallery of his packed theatre to watch the spectators and find out what they like best. They like everything, and seem perfectly willing to walk home if the performance ends after the last Metro has gone.

At the gala of the *Légion d'Honneur* we dropped an emotional tear when we saw how moved Charlie Chaplin was when the full orchestra of the Grand Opera House played the waltz from *Limelight* in his honour. (Président Coty had to make do with his habitual "Marseillaise"!)

Mme. Louise de Vilmorin's candlelit tables looked very lovely for the party she gave to celebrate her nomination to the rank of *chevalier* of the Legion of Honour. It took place at her beautiful eighteenth-century country home, and the guests were seated at little tables. Lady Diana Cooper, in grey lace, appeared more ethereal than



Bergne

PRINCESS MARGARETHA OF SWEDEN, who was twenty-one last October, is the eldest daughter of the late Prince Gustaf Adolf and Princess Sibylle of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Her father was the son of the King of Sweden, Gustaf VI. Adolf, and her brother, nine-year-old Prince Carl Gustaf, Duke of Jamtland, is the Heir Apparent. She has three sisters



ever; Helen Gordon-Lazareff, despite her white muslin frock, gave one the impression that she is Peter Pan incarnate; Yvette de Chauviré, Mme. Claude Gallimard . . . but I have no space to mention all the sixty celebrities present.

LET us go from gay to grave or, in other words, from the light of Louise de Vilmorin's happy party to the drab blah-blah-blah of J. P. Sartre's long-awaited play.

Nekrassow has been announced as a satirical farce that would "show up" the evening Press "with all the contempt it deserves." This was denied by the Master. The farce—he allows the word "farce"—contains no portraits and no situations that (quote) have any relation to living persons (unquote). The E.P. turned up its coat collar and awaited the deluge. No deluge.

The première was as any other première that does not come up to expectations. It was whispered that an extra police force was on duty round the theatre and that the fire squad had its hose at the ready, but if they were there they were certainly well camouflaged. All the usual first-night *habitués* were present, but they voiced their disappointment most discreetly, and were certainly not responsible for the few mild hisses one heard. Possibly *provocateur*, they spurred the Master's buddies to quite hysterical demonstrations in the way of applause.

IN its time the sombre old Velodrome d'Hiver has served many purposes, from bicycle races to ice shows, boxing matches to Harlem basketters, but never before has an evangelistic campaign been held there. It was feared that there might be scoffers, that the "Gay City" was, perhaps, not quite the town. . . . But the Gay City is not really quite so gay as may be thought. The Vel. d'Hiv. was crowded during Billy Graham's stay. After the first evening people queued up long before the doors opened, although there are 12,000 seats in the building.

They came from every *milieu*, from every district of the city. They listened avidly to the chorals and with rapt attention to Billy Graham's words. Many hundreds waited patiently, long after the meeting, in order to speak with him for a moment. It is heart-warming to feel that so many people will have found, perhaps, comfort and help from his visit.

The Sartre of the Matter . . .

● The puzzled spectator: "M. J.-P. Sartre's play is not a Communist play. It is merely anti-anti-Communist!"



SENORA DE MORERA SALES is the beautiful wife of the former Brazilian Ambassador in Washington, and was formerly Senorita de Gonzalvez. She and her husband have made their home in Paris and the Senora is seen wearing a ball dress made for her by Pierre Balmain



F. J. Goodman

MLLE. MARIE AYMÉE PUZENAT, daughter of M. and Mme. Emile Puzenat, pauses during a walk in the Jardin de Luxembourg near her home. She is the granddaughter of the Baron de Blonay who owns the historical Chateau de Grandson, near Neuchâtel, in Switzerland

Motoring

Lessons of le Mans

PERHAPS enough time has passed since the tragic Le Mans 24-hours' race to enable us to look at it calmly and objectively. And the first thing to note is that there was no deficiency by any existing standards of the arrangements for protecting the public. Let us be clear on this point first. Levegh's car did not "skid" off the road into the spectators; it rose into the air in a great arc and came down amongst them. No barrier which permitted the spectators to see the cars could have saved them. The Le Mans safety barriers are as good as any. But nothing will give protection against a large lump of machinery which takes, in miniature, a trajectory like that of a V2 rocket.

Again, I cannot accept it that the road "narrows" at the pits. Vertical air photographs show that, in fact, it widens, although there is not the full space of a lay-by. For these and other reasons, I cannot subscribe to the criticisms levelled against the administration by some of the newspapers which I bought in Paris on the Monday morning following the race.

AGAIN, there is the question of whether the race should have been stopped at once. Some French papers (I did not see the English papers at that time) said that it should, and reported that both Fangio and Moss were of that opinion. Again I cannot agree. In a lifetime devoted to motoring and to aviation, I have seen at displays and race meetings a number of bad accidents. That at Le Mans excelled them all in magnitude; but not in kind. And the principle of all forms of motor sport is to continue unless conditions arise which, in the opinion of the stewards, positively prevent the continuation of the event. If the dangers of participating in and of watching motor racing and air displays are considered to be too great, stop all races and displays. That would be logical. But to interrupt them because of an accident, however serious, is not logical.

None of these remarks lessens in any way the feeling I had, and shared with everybody who was there, of the fearful tragedy of it. There was Lyons's loss not long before. In the United States there had been the tragedy of Indianapolis. We had scarcely recovered from the loss of Ascari.

JAGUARS' victory gave poignancy to the whole thing, for, whereas the Mercedes withdrew because of the catastrophe (and none shall blame them for that decision), Jaguars went on, although, just before, its head man had suffered a sharper, because a more direct and personal, loss.

British cars performed better than ever. We can take small comfort from that because of events. But we can remember that they did well if we leave out the



IN REGENT'S PARK Prince Philip (above) inspects with some amusement a Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost of 1907. It was an entry in the Automobile Association's Jubilee Parade. Below: The first shooting-brake, made in 1913 for the Earl of Lonsdale and loaned on this occasion by Commers, with an early-Georgian party "up"



element of racing and think only in terms of times and speeds.

It seems almost to be impertinence for a mere spectator to offer advice to those directly involved; but it is worth recalling the old Royal Flying Corps tradition that the event should go on and that withdrawal as a gesture is ineffective. There will be, no doubt, improved protection for the public in future races. There may be rules to hold down a little the speeds of the competing cars—perhaps by returning to the production vehicle idea. But there should be no attempt to prohibit or limit competitions and racing. Warn the public, as is already done, that racing is dangerous, but let them decide whether they wish to see it or not.

THE more research there is, the less we take notice of it. The sharply-raised kerb is known to be a serious danger on all roads. It does not protect pedestrians, because a car striking it is liable to be thrown out of control; and it prevents drivers from taking evasive action. Few motorists have not at some time or another been forced "into the ditch" by some inconsiderate or incapable driver. Hundreds of thousands of head-on collisions would have taken place if all our roads had been lined with sharp kerbs so high as to prevent an evasive swerve. These are facts known to all. What is a mystery, is that we should see in many places money being spent and time used in setting up these kerbs.

Then there is the question of surface colour. A few years ago it was suggested

by experiment (a thing borne out by general experience) that a light-coloured road surface is an aid to safety. Other vehicles, in some conditions, are seen as dark objects, and if the background against which they are observed is light, they are the more readily spotted. But this point is now forgotten or ignored. Meanwhile, the stridency of the accusations against motorists increases daily. It is a curious form of contradiction. It almost seems that people prefer to damn motorists for making the roads dangerous than to take the necessary steps to make the roads safe.

I WOULD like to add a word here about the Paris Aero Show, for vast numbers of those who went over for Le Mans ended up at Le Bourget. It held much of technical interest, and the thing that I liked most about it was the firm determination of the French to create some kind of ordinary practical and cheap aviation. They are working hard at their small, lightweight, simple aeroplanes, and they are converting small car engines for air use.

The Dyna Panhard engine, for instance, a small air-cooled twin-cylinder, has been adapted for aviation use and makes an almost ideal unit for a small single-seater or even for a two-seater. And the aeroplanes themselves are highly ingenious, in that they offer the pleasures of flying for a lower price than anything available in England or in the United States.

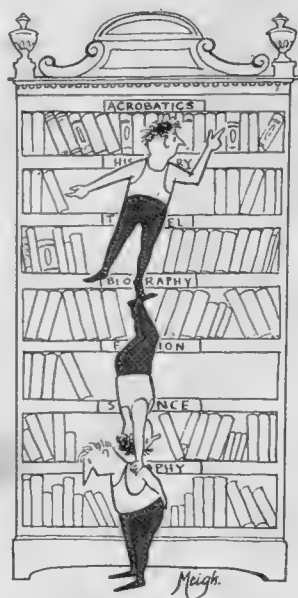
—Oliver Stewart

Book Reviews by Elizabeth Bowen

SWASHBUCKLER IN INDIA

COROMANDEL! (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.) is the latest John Masters novel about India. It cannot be called a sequel to the others, for the author has gone back, not forward, in time—strictly, the others, though written first, are to be seen as sequels to it. Here we have Jason Savage, a Wiltshire lad who, sailing for India in 1628, became the progenitor of a line of heroes. One or another Savage, you will remember, has figured in *Nightrunners of Bengal*, *The Deceivers*, *The Lotus and the Wind*, and the up-to-now most recent *Bhowani Junction*.

Bhowani Junction, with its taut plot and dramatic characters, seemed to me one of the most exciting novels of last year. With *Coromandel*! I don't quite know where I am. Mr. Masters, it would appear, has this time placed himself under disadvantages. For one thing, his choice of the seventeenth century brings him into comparison with Defoe, who, writing out of the heart of the time itself, bred tough, far-faring types who remain supreme. For another, the theme of *Coromandel*! deprives its author of what he handles best—a clear-cut, positive situation. And, finally, he offers us in Jason a protagonist who fails to attract sympathy and who only intermittently holds our interest. It's hard to care what happens to this young lout.



ALL this is a pity because *Coromandel*! is at the outset fascinating in promise. Jason, first of the Savages whom this pen portrays, is shown as being among the first of the Englishmen who arrive in India hoping to plumb its mystery. The novel (as classics have done before it) comes under the heading of "picaresque"—it describes the successive adventures of a free-lance making his way around the world and pitting his powers against fate.

The picture of seventeenth-century India—still not only unconquered but unpenetrated—Mr. Masters is, I imagine, well fitted to give. (Oddly enough, though one takes India to be this author's literary terrain, Jason's Wiltshire, under King Charles I., with its dancing, poaching and womanising, is somehow more vivid and convincing—*Coromandel*! opens better than it goes on.) One must admire Mr. Masters's refusal to whitewash or heroicise his hero. But need he have burdened the poor chap with such a miffish sentimentality?

A young man commanded by an enormous dream cannot but appeal to one. "*Coromandel*," when it fired Jason's fancy, stood for the semi-fabulous east coast of India—designated on the blood-stained map the youth bought from Old Voy, veteran poacher. Also among the Wiltshire worthies is an ancient former

seaman of Drake's—we have not long, this survival reminds us, passed the glory-lit Elizabethan heyday. Jason's arrival (without support or money) in his desired dream-world is indeed a feat. And indeed, he is plunged into the sheer spectacular. But unhappily, love trouble disables him for the greater part of the time. No dependable girl seems to come his way.

By tradition the part played by love in adventure stories is a minor one. Conrad Masfield, John Buchan, Rider Haggard and a number of other masters adhered to this, and one wonders whether they were not right. A spice of romance (or sex) is excellent, truly—but in *Coromandel*! the admixture seems overdone, and the tale threatens to bog down each time we come to a new lush episode. . . . The scene is otherwise gorgeous, the action lively. Potentates and their ministers,

captains, pearlers, monks in search of a Lama, bandits, and a beautiful temple prostitute all carry the flavour of Old India. The pigeon scene, near the end, is wonderful. The enigmatic mountain provides a symbol, and Jason, steeled by adversity though not cured of love, emerges with a mature philosophy.

★ ★ ★

THE RIGOVILLE MATCH (Chapman and Hall; 10s. 6d.) shows France in a bright mood—the author is English, David Walker. Scene, Normandy: village and chateau of the Anglophile Count de Gournay, whose lovely daughter Yvonne is bent on raising a local ladies' hockey eleven. The Rigoville mayor, priest, schoolmistress, postmistress and others react in differing ways to this bold idea—is hockey godless, immodest or, still worse, Red? And whom are the Rigoville amazons to play? Why, the British Embassy!

Ronnie Simpkin, going to Paris to take up temporary employment with Unesco, is compelled by Yvonne to negotiate at the Paris end. This young man muffs things to such a degree that eleven charmers from the American Embassy all but arrive at Rigoville also. A diplomatic incident is averted, however. "One will be lucky," one worried character says, "if the thing does not go to the Quai d'Orsay!" . . . This Anglo-French comedy spins along at top speed and in sunshiny humour. There's a touch of Sir Compton Mackenzie's *Monarch of the Glen* about the Count, but he's nothing the worse for that. Normandy village politics, as depicted, loom as large as those of the internationalised capital. Our story terminates with the Great Day itself—you on no account should miss *The Rigoville Match*.



MRS. MOLLIE FORESTIER-WALKER (right), the artist, seen at her home in North Wales with the Marchioness of Queensberry and her son, Lord Gawaine Douglas, whose portrait Mrs. Forestier-Walker is painting. Lord Gawaine is half-brother of the present Marquess

CHOICE OF THE WEEK

The coat of this two-piece is made of maize yellow corduroy, very plain and straight hanging. It is lined with the same material as the dress. Coat and dress together cost 23 gns., and come from Fortnum and Mason of Piccadilly, who also sell the hat





The black picture hat of Baker straw is trimmed with flat velvet bows. It costs 9 gns

FOR PARTY GOING IN THE SUNSHINE

WE have picked as our choice a very lovely two piece by Horrockses that would be exactly right for all sorts of formal and informal occasions. On this page we show the black and white printed cotton dress, the pattern re-embroidered here and there with yellow



Here the printed cotton dress is shown without the coat. Notice the very pretty neckline and the wide unpressed pleats of the skirt



MAGGY ROUFF BOUTIQUE, at Fenwicks of Bond Street. A very simple dress with a wonderful neckline. It is made of silvery-beige wild silk, and has a closely fitted bodice and wide skirt. The pictures below show the patchwork stole of multi-coloured satin backed with black. This photograph, and the others on these pages, were taken at the Time and Life Building, New Bond Street, W.1



The great salons'
younger sisters



BALMAIN BOUTIQUE, Fortnum and Mason. Evening dress of French faille. Notice the pretty décolletage and the wide sweep of the skirt

Around the London boutiques

WHEN some of the London couturiers first launched "boutique models" they meant that they would sell their simplest designs in certain materials ready made, at a much lower price than their usual made-to-measure garments. Now, French and Italian couturiers, too, sponsor boutiques in London shops. Big names are proving a big draw (Continued on page 748)



MATTLI has a boutique at Marshall and Snelgrove, whence came this simple sleeveless dress of coffee coloured linen, embroidered with white wheat-ears. A matching bolero worn over the dress makes it into a charming town ensemble



Around the boutiques
of London

Little shops of the

THE French boutiques in London are stocked with models made sometimes in Paris, sometimes copied over here. London couturiers' boutiques are often on their own premises but may be part of a big store



HARDY AMIES'S boutique, at his Savile Row establishment, has this jumper suit of French silk jersey in a wonderful shade of deep sky blue. The skirt is accordion pleated

big names



Above, EMILIO OF CAPRI shows at his Woollands boutique a royal blue cotton shirt worn with the shortest of shorts in turquoise cotton

Below, EMILIO'S pure silk "Coin" printed shirt in emerald, white and black, worn with sea-green gaberdine slacks with slit-up fronts



“For now I am in a holiday humour”

MUCH of the pleasure of a holiday lies in the preparation beforehand—planning the wardrobe, planning the route and packing the cases. Here are some things you may like to put on your list

—JEAN CLELAND

Latest fashion in eye-wear. Sunglasses with ear-rings to match. Black and daisy design £3 3s., diagonal stripes £2 15s., gold and white sunglasses only £5 19s. Marshall and Snelgrove



Latest version of the famous Rev-Robe suitcase 26-in. size £8 19s. 6d., train case £6 19s. 6d., from W. Wood and Son, Hanover Square, W.1, and most leading stores

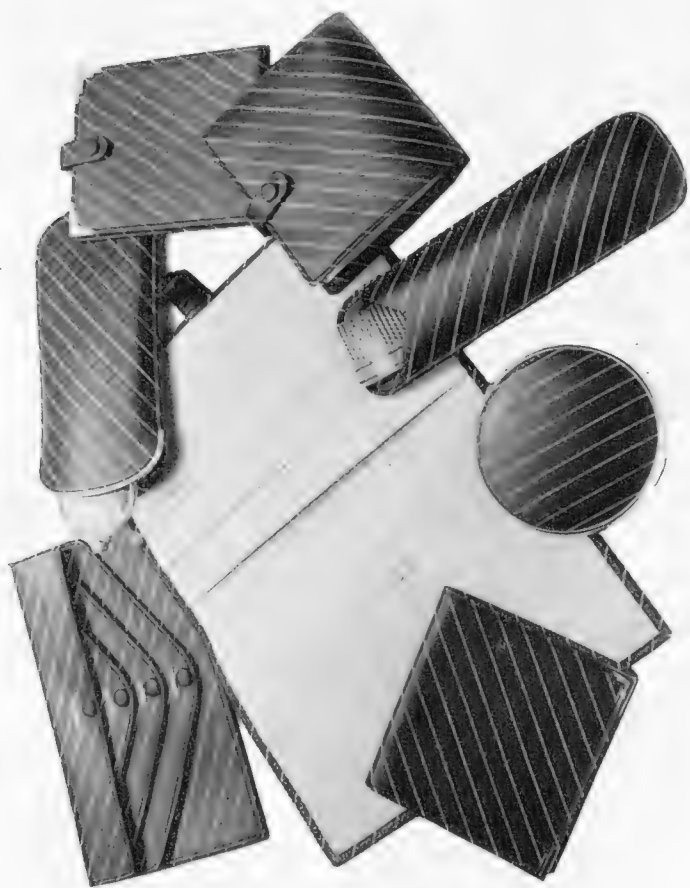


Everything handy for washing and drying nylons when travelling is contained in this dainty little bag called "Daily Dipper." Price £1 15s. Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly



Above: Silk square with distinctive design of scenes from Paris, in six colours. Exclusive to Debenham and Freebody. Price £5 5s.

Below: French scarf and glove set in black and white seersucker. Other colour combinations also. Price £5 10s. 6d. from Woollands



Navy and white stripe cases: for chèques. £1 9s. 6d., notes and silver £3 3s. 6d., compact £1 19s. 6d., notes £2 15s. 9d., currency £3 9s. 6d., glasses £1 19s. 6d., brush and comb £1 1s. 9d., passport £4 19s. 6d. from Harrods



Beauty

The habit of finesse

WHEN we use the word "finish" about a bag, a dress, a car, a piece of furniture, or anything you care to think of, we imply an indefinable "plus" that denotes near-perfection. Pondering on this, I looked up the word "finish" in the dictionary, and this is what I read: "The minute labour bestowed on a work of art with a view to rendering it as perfect as possible." How true. What is it that raises any performance given by an actor, a singer or an instrumentalist above the level one may expect from a good technique? Finish. Why does one particular woman, less beautiful perhaps than others around her, claim special admiration from the whole company? For the same reason. An air of finish.

How is this subtle quality acquired? According to the dictionary by "minute labour," and this is very apt when it comes to personal appearance. "Labour" in this instance is perhaps too strong a word; care and attention to detail would, I think, fit the bill better.

What then are the details one should observe if one wishes to achieve the much-envied look that makes for poise and good grooming, and something even beyond this that arrests attention? Let us see if we can dissect it, and get at the secret.

BEFORE deciding on a new hair style (if you think it necessary) consider carefully whether you are able to go to the hairdresser fairly frequently, or only once every so often. An elaborate style is only attractive if kept in perfect order, and since this is sometimes difficult to do when it gets out of place, the services of the hairdresser are necessary. If you live out of town, or your life is too busy for constant visits to the Salon, ask for a style that is easy to manage at home.

Always look at the back of the head before leaving the dressing table. This should be as sleek and tidy as the front. A damp comb and a little pinching with the fingers helps to keep the shape, and a little brilliantine smoothed on lightly before brushing, gives a nice sheen, and prevents any "frizziness" to spoil the effect. To guard against stray wisps and straggly ends, spray the hair

lightly with one of the excellent lacquers which act as an invisible net to keep everything in place.

FACE. If the skin is dry, give it plenty of massage with a rich skin food to keep the texture soft.

If the pores are inclined to be relaxed, apply a face masque twice a week to tighten them up. Only when the skin itself is smooth can you hope, with delicate make-up, to get a really good finish.

Give thought to the "foundation" for it is this that keeps the surface matt and velvety. Generally speaking, a cream one for a dry skin and a liquid for an oily skin is the best choice. There are, however, some excellent non-drying liquids which can be safely used even for the dry skins, but I would advise this only for the evening or a special occasion when you want to give a chiffony transparency to the complexion.

MAKE-UP. Some tips for make-up may be helpful—if you have not already used them—in achieving a good finish. Apply powder generously, and pat it well into the skin. Dust off the surplus with a clean puff or pad of cotton wool. To give a natural look to dry rouge smooth it on to the skin, and then lightly brush over the surface with a soft "baby" brush. To give a nice finish to the eyebrows, touch them with a spot of brilliantine on the tip of the little finger, and then use a small eyebrow brush. This gives a nice sheen, and also keeps the hair smooth and sleek.



The mouth will look much softer if the lipstick is applied with a paint brush. Give the lips one coat, then blot lightly by placing a tissue between them and gently pressing them together. After this, paint on a second coat.

For retouching during the day, something new has just come on to the market which not only prevents shine, but gives a really lovely even surface and a magnolia-like look to the complexion. This is a new creamy powder compact created by Yardley, called "Feather Finish," an apt name, since it indicates exactly what the product achieves.

OUTSTANDING features are that it does not clog the pores, nor give a heavy made-up appearance. If a quick make-up is required, it can be used alone, but its real purpose is for carrying in the handbag for use in between whiles, after the face has been made-up with foundation and loose powder in the ordinary way. As a "toucher-upper" it is ideal, because it imparts the smooth finish to the skin which is always so attractive.

"Feather Finish" comes in a lovely duck-egg blue compact in four colour tones—Blonde, Medium 1, Medium 2 and Brunette—so it is easy to select your own particular shade. It costs 8s. 9d. complete, with a lovely soft puff, and 4s. 11d. for a refill.

—Jean Cleland





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THE LITERARY LIFE OF AUSTRALIA

MANY distinguished visitors from the Dominion joined friends of the British literary world and others at the cocktail party given in Wigmore Street, by the Directors of The Times Bookshop. The occasion was an exhibition of Australian books opened by H.E. Sir Thomas White

Above left: Mr. Hugo Jackson and Miss Rosemary Macmillan of the Australian Broadcasting Commission. Right: Mr. George Ferguson, President of the Australian Publishers Association, and Miss Catherine Gaskin, the young Australian novelist

Left: Mrs. Norman Jenkyn, a visitor from Sydney, talking to Sir Thomas White, the Australian High Commissioner. Right: Miss Greta Morrison and Professor Murdoch. The Professor is the leading Australian essayist



Clayton Evans

Book Reviews [Continuing from page 743]

STRANGEST LAND IN EUROPE

THE BASQUE COUNTRY, by Vivian Rowe (Putnam, 18s.) is a travel book which deserves the attention of holiday-planners and stay-at-homes alike. And which should, I feel, accompany any journey into the region he writes about—"Home," he calls it, "of the most mysterious people in Europe." For, the origin of the Basque race is as obscure as the racial characteristics are outstanding. The Basque country overruns national frontiers, being partly in France, partly in Spain. It has a luxury coastline (featuring Biarritz, St. Jean de Luz, San Sebastian) and an unspoiled, flavorful interior. Architecture, cuisine and wine, recreations, customs and legends are individual.

Mr. Rowe has ideal gifts for a book of this kind—he can portray the atmosphere of a small town (such as Saint Jean-Pied-de-Port) and capture the beauties or strangenesses of a landscape. He indicates routes one does well to follow, and rewardingly delves into regional history. Here is a mine of heroic legend. And though he loves what is primitive, he does not despise the *mondaine* resort, with its todays and yesterdays. He quotes amusingly from a number of sources—not least, Queen Victoria's diary. First-rate notes, too, on the game *pelota*. Well-chosen photographs illustrate—this book leaves me more eager than ever for the Basque Country.

★ ★ ★

A GRIM little Californian detective story—*The Woman On The Roof* (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) is Helen Nielsen's fourth on the road to fame. And a masterpiece in its own way of local colour: these garish upper boulevards

of Los Angeles might have been pictured by Chandler or Simenon, save that Miss Nielsen's touch is her own.

The innocent, nervous middle-aged heroine, Wilma Rathjen, is sympathetic—works in a cake shop (the Old Country Style Bakeries), dwells over a garage with a self-centred, beautiful golden cat called Alice. Wilma's neo-antique interior decoration has been sedulously copied from magazines. Her brother owns the bungalow court which her flat, at its one-storey-up altitude, overlooks.



To perceive through a lighted window a blonde dead in a bath is not to be the least of her tribulations.

A bungalow court is a grass triangle framed on three sides by bungalows. This form of housing is often—of course, not always—among the U.S.A.'s seedier institutions. Poor Miss Rathjen's neighbours, sub-theatrical folk, leave a good deal to be desired: one's heart bleeds for her. One can understand also her devious reasons for failing to report the death of the blonde. And her flight through the night, semi-disguised in a red wig, with half the neighbourhood after her in full cry, lays bare to the reader the barbarities of a certain strata of Californian life. Inspector Osgood, however, is God's good man.

I always sympathize with a lady whom I heard expressing herself in a lending library: "I want," she said, "a murder mystery story, but please give me one about *nice* people." *The Woman On The Roof* wouldn't, I fear, have qualified. But here is masterful writing, plus sound plot.

★ ★ ★

IN *The Second Miracle* (Chatto and Windus, 12s. 6d.), Peter Greave unfolds a self-told and deeply moving story: a leper in England, and his cure. The setting is a small colony in the country, run by a group of Anglican nuns: the arrival, in the dark of the first evening, is fraught with terrors which gradually dissolve. The narrator, secretly and without a friend, has come home from India: for years, since his contraction of the disease, he has been in hiding in the slums of Calcutta.

A great part of the beauty of this chronicle is its honesty. For instance, nobody is idealized—the fellow-patients, the doctors, the nuns in the distance, the eager but often slapdash young novices are shown to be much as humans always are. The egotism which suffering involves is not minimized. Yet something saving breathes through the pages—the publishers have been, I think, right in describing *The Second Miracle* as "heartening." It acts on one through its very absence of "uplift." The closing scene, in the chapel, I shall not quickly forget.



The Reward

Michael Barrett

The cruel Argentinian desert is the setting for this powerful story of the quest for the reward a man's body will bring. A fugitive and his wife are brought stumbling through the waste by their captors—an Englishman and a posse of police—but the end is not what anyone in the party had anticipated.

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ENGAGEMENTS



Yevonde

The Hon. Anne Bridgeman, eldest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Bridgeman, of Leigh Manor, Minsterley, Salop, is to marry the Rev. N. D. Stacey, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. David Stacey, of Knaphill Manor, Chobham, Surrey



Fayer

Miss Marie E. B. Allen, only daughter of Major and Mrs. Burton Allen, of Ballachulish, Argyllshire, is engaged to Major Iain Maxwell Erskine, Grenadier Guards, only son of Sir John and Lady Erskine, of Braid Avenue, Edinburgh



Leavre

Miss Susan Gillian Yarde, daughter of Air Vice-Marshal Brian Yarde, C.V.O., C.B.E., R.A.F., and Mrs. Yarde, of East Cholderton, Hants, is to marry Capt. Dennis Leavett, R.A., son of Mr. E. A. Leavett-Shenley and stepson of Mrs. Leavett-Shenley, of Upham, South Hants



Beaumont—Wauchope. Mr. Timothy Wentworth Beaumont, only son of Major Michael Wentworth Beaumont, of Harristown House, Brannockstown, Co. Kildare, and of the late Hon. Mrs. Beaumont, married at St. James's, Piccadilly, Miss Mary Rose Wauchope, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. C. E. Wauchope, M.C., and Mrs. Wauchope, of Sandhill House, Rogate, Sussex

THEY WERE MARRIED



Lloyd—Cardiff. Mr. Richard E. B. Lloyd, son of Sir Guy Lloyd, D.S.O., M.P., and Lady Lloyd, of Hazlewood House, Rhu, Dunbartonshire, married Miss Jennifer S. M. Cardiff, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. E. Cardiff, of Easton Court, Ludlow, Shropshire, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Milling—Morrison. At St. Mary's Church, Henley-on-Thames, Mr. Christopher Milling, son of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Milling, married Miss Ann Steane Morrison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morrison, of Yew Lodge, Cookham, Berks



Lucas—Buck. The wedding took place at St. Michael and All Angels, Southampton, of the Hon. Michael W. E. Lucas, elder son of Lord and Lady Lucas, of Grey Walls, Cothill, Abingdon, Berks, and Miss Ann-Marie Buck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Buck, of Southampton



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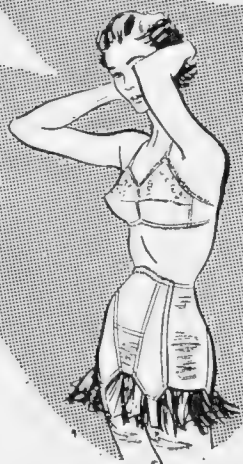
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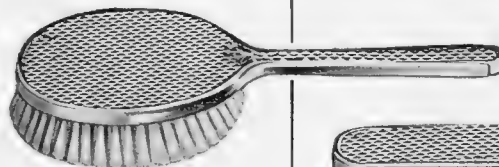
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AT DINNER IN BEIRUT. Many British guests attended a dinner given by the President of the Lebanon, M. Camille Chamoun, at his palace in Beirut. Here the President's wife was in conversation with Sir Miles Thomas, chairman of B.O.A.C., and Mme. Mikaoui

DINING IN

Raspberry time is drawing near

ONE week we have so little home-produced fresh fruit that we turn to our store cupboard for inspiration, then suddenly we have strawberries and, before we have time to make all our best dishes with them, along come shorter-season raspberries—better flavoured but such poor travellers that we sometimes fail to have the opportunity of making much of them.

As soon as I suspect that they will be no cheaper, I make a few pots of raspberry jam and a small supply of Melba sauce for pouring over *Pêches Melba*, or simply ice cream, or to serve with creamed rice—almost the best of all ways of using it. There are, however, two sweets which I try to work in for special occasions: Raspberry Soufflé and Raspberry Mousse.

FOR the Soufflé, butter a soufflé dish, 4½ to 5 in. across, and sprinkle the inside with caster sugar. Rub 1½ breakfastcups ripe raspberries through a sieve. Dissolve 4 oz. sugar in them over a low heat, then simmer for a few minutes. Meanwhile, whip 3 egg whites very stiffly. Fold into the raspberry purée, add a teaspoon or so of Kirsch and pour all into the prepared dish. Finish with a swirl on top. Bake for 10 to 15 minutes in a fairly hot oven.

For the frozen Mousse, turn 1 lb. ripe raspberries into a bowl standing in a pan of boiling water and mash them until the juices flow. Rub through a hair or nylon sieve, then chill in the refrigerator. For 4 servings, whip together ½ pint double cream and 4 tablespoons icing sugar until the whisk barely leaves a trail. Continue to whip while pouring the raspberry purée into the cream in a thin steady stream. The mixture, when finished, must hold its shape. If so much purée is added that it becomes runny, there will be needles of ice in the frozen mousse.

DO not give the specific amount of purée because one must rely on one's judgment, stopping adding the purée when the cream has taken up as much as it can accommodate (in the same way as one stops adding olive oil when making mayonnaise). A little too much purée, and the mousse would fall short of perfection (if exact measures were always the criterion of correctness, cooking would be simplified).

I sometimes add a teaspoon of brandy to the half-whipped cream, and if the purée looks a little pallid, a drop or two of red culinary colouring.

Turn the mixture into the refrigerator tray or a small round clean cake tin or a heart-shaped tin. Place in the cold chamber of the refrigerator,



CHINESE FOOD is undeniably attractive, and *Cooking the Chinese Way* by Kenneth Lo (Arco and Neville Spearman, 9s. 6d.) from which this drawing is taken, gives most appetizing instructions for its preparation. It is to be published shortly

running at "coldest." Freezing will take from 2 to 3 hours, depending on the refrigerator. Unmould and, if liked, decorate with whipped cream, but more refreshing is a) Melba sauce poured over the mousse.

MELBA sauce is made by bruising really ripe raspberries in a bowl standing in boiling water. Rub through a fine hair or nylon sieve. Add sugar to taste and heat to dissolve it. For a breakfastcup of just boiling juice, stir in a scant small teaspoon of arrowroot, blended with a tablespoon of water. Cover and leave to become cold.

To preserve the sweetened juice for Melba sauce, boil the sugar and juice for a minute. Pour into sterilized screw-top jars, to within 2 in. from the top. Adjust the sterilized caps, and turn them so that they barely catch the thread. Stand on a trivet or folded cloth in a deep enough pan, seeing that they touch neither each other nor the sides of the pan. Pour in boiling water to reach up to their necks, cover tightly and boil for 20 minutes. Remove, screw on the caps tightly, and leave to cool out of a draught. When the Melba sauce is wanted, add arrowroot to the boiling juice, as above.

—Helen Burke

DINING OUT

Culinary adventure in Knightsbridge

FIRST went to La Popote in Walton Street, Knightsbridge, by reading an article "Time to Eat in London" by Joy de Weese-When in the magazine *Gourmet*, which is published in New York.

La Popote is small and has become very popular, with the inevitable result that it is a wise precaution to reserve your table. It was opened by Bill Stoughton, who hails from Australia and intended to make acting his career, but soon decided that his creations in the kitchen might prove more profitable than his creations on the stage.

The menu at La Popote appears to consist largely of *Spécialités de Monsieur Stoughton*. You may start with "Bill's Seafood Soup," which contains every shellfish available at the given moment, cooked in white wine and finally topped up with Jersey cream. *Chicken Popote* is also cooked in white wine with a wine sauce containing pimento, white grapes, mushrooms with cream and served on rice; finally try the *Courgette Provençal*, hot or cold, which consists of baby marrows mixed with aubergines, peppers, onions and so on, which I heard somebody describe as a very "flavourable mess." Among the grills there is Tournedo with red wine and mushroom sauce at 9s. 6d.

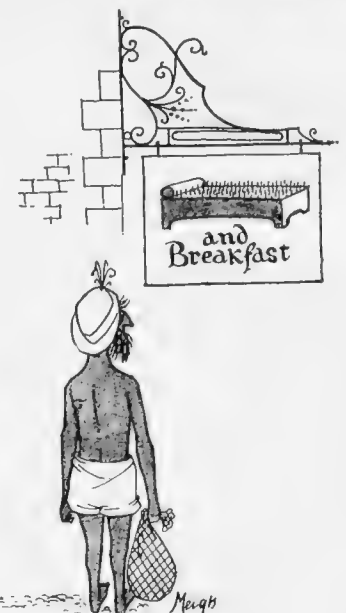
Although quantities of wine appear to be used in the preparation of many of the dishes, it is not available for consumption on the premises, so bring your own bottle.

Gourmet's correspondent quite rightly describes the growth of the Espresso coffee bars in London as phenomenal, and quotes the El Cubano in Old Brompton Road as an outstanding example, which it is, particularly the colourful clothes of the well-chosen staff, the general décor, and the clever touch of having two very lively toucans in a cage in the middle of the room.

I cannot resist quoting verbatim her final paragraph: "Between 10 p.m. and midnight El Cubano overflows with willowy young men wearing Etonian ties and fair-haired girls with skins like wild roses." I must have gone there on the wrong night.

TALKING of eating and acting, I found a good combination over a recent weekend at Blackboys, a fine old inn dating from about 1400 near Uckfield in Sussex. The licensee is actor Ronald Shiner, who can be seen operating in the bar on Sundays in a very jovial and professional manner, which relieves some of the pressure from his manager, William Leigh, who holds the fort while Landlord Shiner is keeping his audiences amused in London during the week.

First-class English food is the order of the day: Southdown lamb, steak and kidney pudding, chickens from the local farms, vegetables straight out of the garden. A short wine list, almost everything under £1 a bottle.



There is a fine collection of pewter in the dining-room and over one hundred china jugs hooked to the beams on the ceiling, these jugs having been issued at one time or another as advertisements and acquired by stealth from various other inns. As Ronald Shiner points out, Blackboys was much used by smugglers in the past and he sees no reason why there should not be a bit of smuggling in the present.

—I. Bickerstaff

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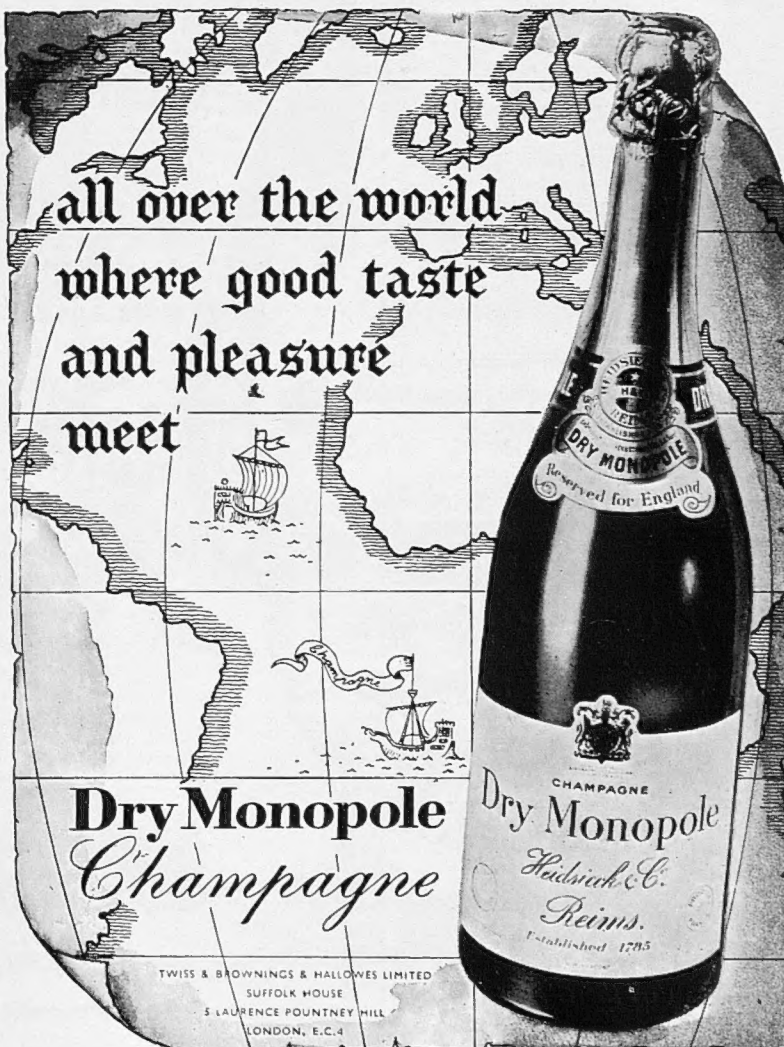
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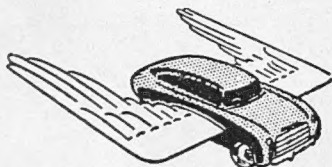
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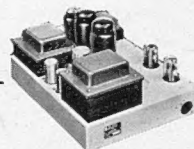
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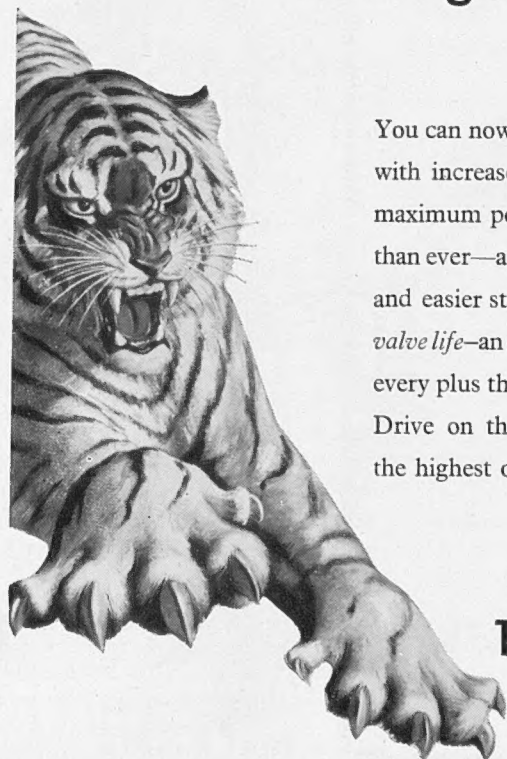


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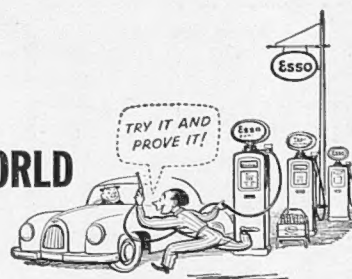


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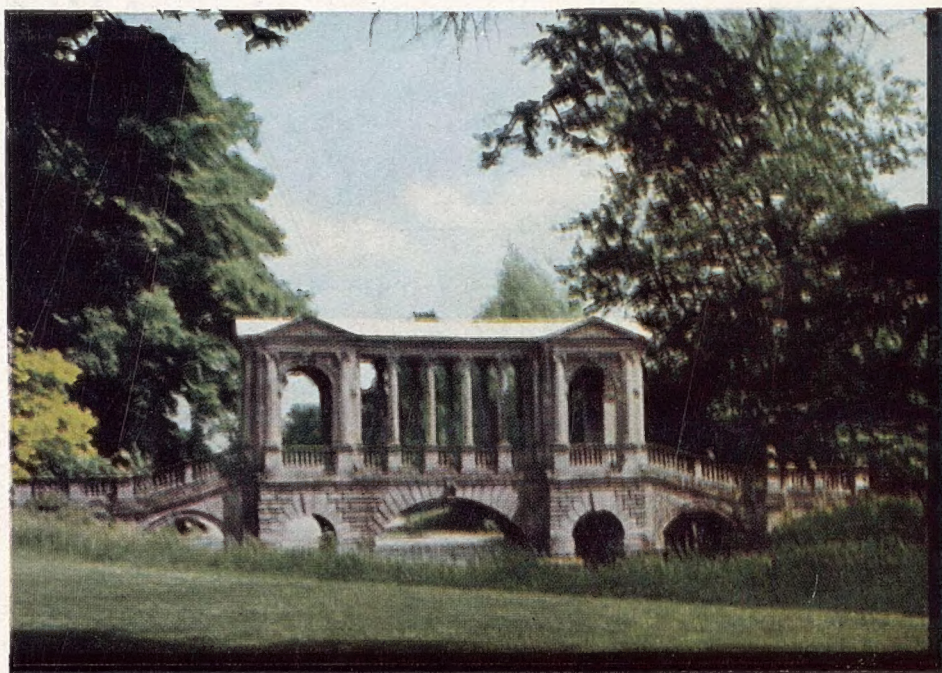
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